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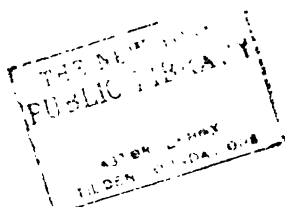




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General Hwang Hsing, China's Man of Action.

OUR CHINESE CHANCES THROUGH EUROPE'S WAR

By

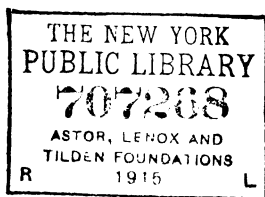
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PREFACE

In the lull of the terrible European conflict which is sweeping around the world, we hear a word from Great China, and it is still for peace, although groaning under the despotism of Yuan Shih-K'ai and menaced by the Japanese.

Therefore, what moment is more auspicious for a consideration of the Chinese as our friends and to aid them to throw off despotism, and what time more opportune to cement our good will with that wonderful Cathay, now the only other great nation of the whole planet not at war with another, and whose favor is especially valuable to us in trade opportunities for which and elsewhere other nations are now actually in armed contest?

This book will give information to the American business man concerning the general conditions and consequent business chances in China, now particularly favorable because of the large withdrawal of German and English competition on account of the war. In an attempt to make the information more entertaining, descriptive and personal narratives of the author's three visits to China, the third of which was just the year past, have been freely indulged in, some of which are used to illustrate his conclusions against common misconceptions of China and its many distinct peoples.

The Chinese are, indeed, not much different from our own race, and we are rapidly coming to a closer appreciation of their racial nearness to us. This *rapprochement* is not new; it has always been there, but we are only just commencing mutually to realize its force as China, the most understandable country of the Orient, falls in line with the advance of the whole world's progress. To show this, the first twenty chapters

consider the Chinese generally, the last six, the present trade opportunities, and the following close the volume as an arraignment of the despotic rule of Yuan Shih-K'ai.

Yes. Our great commercial chance is there. Shall we not profit by it, even though offered by the terrible misfortunes of Europe's war? And to profit by it, shall we not have to speak and act against the tyranny of Yuan which is holding Great China in the slavery of despotism, for awhile so successfully broken by those brilliant leaders: Sun Yat Sen and Hwang Hsing and their colleagues.

PAUL MYRON.

CHAPTER I

THOUGHTS THAT BRING US NEARER TO THE CHINESE

The cause of Chinese self-containedness and isolation is entirely geographical, and does not, in any measure, come from the character of the Chinese themselves. By nature they are extremely friendly and gregarious and fond of social intercourse, readily adapting themselves to any environment, however foreign and strange it may be to them. Throughout its whole history China has been the victim of a strangely unparalleled national imprisonment. All of its land boundaries were fixed by nature in arid steppes, embattled mountains, icy plains and uninhabitable plateaux. On its sea boundaries it was no less prescribed; for beyond stretched the vast expanse of the Pacific, a pathless sea, undiscovered and undreamt of even by the Occident until comparatively recent times.

Can we wonder then that the Chinese, although naturally an aggressive and enterprising people, after finding themselves in undisputed control of the entire world, as then known to them, building up their civilization alone from their own native genius, without aid from foreign sources, would finally come to that resting point in their development from which, by the very nature of their environment, further progress was impossible? Their civilization was to them a finished work, upon which every Chinese gazed with reverence as he crowned it with the halo of Confucianism, always looking backward rather than forward for his models.

Nor was this national isolation all; for internally the separate provinces of China were largely lost to each other in helpful influences by reason of the lack of connecting waterways from north to south. the solid interior of the country

being only broken in its immensity by turbulent rivers, all rushing onward to the irrevocably sealed Pacific. What wonder then that the Chinese rested upon the laurels of their finished civilization? They had advanced as far as nature allowed them, so they composed themselves and waited. If the system of the American Great Lakes, which during the ages were almost of no profit to man, had been by Providence placed midway between Thibet and the Pacific and Mongolia and the Irrawaddy, as a highway of communication as well as a reservoir to regulate the floods, what a different story China would tell today!

And to arouse this sleeping giant of Chinese Nationalism from his contented dream was not the casual exertion of a single call. Neither the pin pricking of the opium wars nor the light caress of missionary advance disturbed him in his trance. It took the Japanese conflict to even cause a movement from his huge frame, and not until the invasion of the allied forces at the Boxer outbreak did he finally realize his deplorable situation in the new world, upon which his eyes had been opened and which he viewed with humiliation amid the dangers which everywhere surrounded him. But once conscious of the peril, see with what promptitude Chinese fitness strikes its way out of difficulty! In a few months, a time so short as to allow no other comparison with great political reforms in the whole world's history, the awakened giant, no longer standing abashed in the midst of the Nations, suddenly appears as a modern Colossus prepared to take his place with dignity and strength, as soon as the preliminary political disturbances are settled, among the peoples of the earth.

Much information about China has come through the censorship of the English opium trade, which for sinister purposes has considered it necessary to misrepresent the Chinese, portraying them as a vicious and debauched people. Hence they have been reported to us from our earliest knowledge of

them as an immoral and deceitful race, corrupt in public and degraded in private life, who, without patriotism or civic pride, were only held together in some frail semblance of government by fear of barbarous tortures and inhuman death. But this unjust and misconceived portrayal is dissolving in the bright picture of the Chinese as they really are; a people very much like ourselves, whose waning vices and waxing virtues will ultimately place them among the most advanced and favored nations.

As has been stated, the Chinese are not more unprogressive nor less intelligent than our own or the European nations. As far as commercial conditions go, racial distinctions are counting for less from day to day. The world's trade miscegenation is a simple question to solve compared with the mere social question of color, which nowhere is of such import as in America, nor elsewhere more prejudicial to the impartial study of another race. Color and creed are forgotten by all races when men buy and sell, but it is left for the Chinese to lead humanity into the broadest and most tolerant respect for all other races and their thought, and in that respect they are unique among the Oriental races. In fact, no one knowing the Chinese well would consider them Orientals except geographically.

Let us also disabuse ourselves of the common misconception that the Chinese are a dark, mysterious, enigmatical people, entirely incomprehensible and altogether of a different moral and mental makeup from ourselves, for, on the contrary, frankness and ingenuous cordiality are their strong characteristics, and there is no emotion of which we are capable which does not find its counterpart in their own nature. The old recital of the races into mere color distinctions of the white, yellow, brown, black and red has become a vague kindergarten division, no longer to be seriously considered. If you separate the whole human family according to the shape of the bones of their cranium, the Chinese must be classed among the round heads

and our race among the long heads, and although they otherwise differ from us in physical being, still in the psychology of their average type they are not dissimilar to our own average. The early European traders in China who had little occasion to look beneath mere appearances started the report, which is still accepted by many, that the Chinese are an enigma, never to be solved by another people. Far from being impenetrable, the Chinese are equally ingenuous and communicative with ourselves. Meet a Chinese from any part of the Middle Kingdom, and in opening conversation with him, for which he is always eager, you will find him evincing the liveliest interest in you and expecting you to show the same interest in his own affairs. He will ask you the most pointed personal questions concerning the success of your calling, your worldly goods, and even your age, evincing genuine sympathy should you relate any misfortune. From continued friendly association with them one must believe that they are much more easily understood by the other races than any other division of the human family. Much of the misconception of the Chinese comes from taking seriously the statements of foreigners, who consider that mere length of residence gives a knowledge of the Chinese, and that the longer the residence the weightier the opinion. I have met those who have resided upwards of thirty years in China whose observation faculties were so dulled by the monotony of their surroundings that their actual knowledge of the Chinese was pitiable. Fresh impressions, verified by repeated visits to China, supplemented by omnivorous reading and questioning, offer the best means for really understanding the Chinese. Foreigners live so much among themselves that it is hard for them to come to independent conclusions.

Another ground of misconception comes from interpreting the Chinese by mere personal idiosyncrasies. For example: A twenty-year resident of China qualified the whole nation as incomprehensible upon numerous data of idiosyncratic in-

stances, such as the following: During the Revolution, while the Imperialists and Republicans were in action at Hankow, with the shrapnel bursting between and on the lines of the opposing forces, a Chinese farm coolie calmly walked out into the battlefield and unconcernedly drove home a flock of geese, from which the resident deduced that all Chinese are foolhardy. It is the above sort of Chinese interpretation, well intentioned perhaps, but most unfortunate, which propagates serious misunderstanding. To interpret a nation of four hundred million by casual examples of freakish temperament is, of course, absurd, but such version is none the less accountable for much of our confusion in the study of this great and wonderful nation.

CHAPTER II

CHINA IS NOT OVER-POPULATED

A country cannot be likened to a sponge, capable of only absorbing just so much population as the sponge absorbs liquid; drinking in to the last point of absorption, beyond which it is incapable of absorbing another drop. Population should rather be likened to water flowing in a river bed, conforming itself to the shape of the channel, yet at the same time widening and deepening its course as the volume and current of the stream requires. Just as the river overflows its bed and rushes in a torrent upon plains and through valleys when overcharged by its tributaries, just so does population flow out beyond its original confines when overpressed by the volume of its sources.

But the modern genius of man, as his culture widens his opportunities, is continually inventing dikes and levees to control and contain the volume of population so that overflow, causing famine unless relieved by invasion to other lands, becomes less frequent with each generation.

The whole population of today's medieval China is contained only in the natural river bed of its channels and hence appears to be a much over-populated country, but as soon as the figurative dikes and levees of Occidental science increases the breadth and depth of those beds there will be abundant channel for the whole volume of its population. Mere per-square-mile enumeration proves nothing as to over-population, since the supporting capacity of land depends entirely upon its kind, nature and location. The United States have only about twenty people to the square mile, and even should we increase the number five times to correspond with conditions in China,

we would not be even over-populated in this present scientific day of increasing food supplies.

So-called Chinese over-population is really only *over-concentration of population*. Vast domains of farm lands, which communications and modern methods of farming would render richly productive remain entirely unoccupied, while the cities teem with underfed millions. As soon as railroads are built the cities will disgorge their surplus population, and the conflicting currents of Chinese economic life will find their levels in sufficiency and comfort. In illustration of this and also to show the great recuperative powers of China, take the floods of the Yangtse which, on an average of every five years, overflows a great stretch of its banks for a distance of fifty miles on either side, fertilizing the inundated land much as the Nile does Egypt, but causing great ruin and destruction. During the floods the Chinese crowd the cities in great numbers, hardly able to sustain life, but after the flood has subsided, when they return to their farming, a single crop puts them in a state of comparative ease.

No. China, far from being over-populated, is actually under-populated from the standpoint of the Occident.

There are two principal reasons for crowding the cities. First: The Chinese never like to leave the place where they were born. Their old proverb says: "To leave home is to come to naught." If there is a theft, the hue and cry is, "Stop stranger!" Hence millions are born, have their being, and die in the radius of a few square miles. For them there is hardly any greater misfortune than to be a stranger in a strange city. The first Chinese emigrants were deported by kidnapping, although eventually the large earnings abroad caused them to remain and send for their relatives and intimates, as was particularly the case in the rush gold period of California. But even with the offer of very easy work and generously high pay, but comparatively few Chinese willingly leave their homes. A

half loaf with family and friends is better than a full loaf abroad with strangers. Thus they crowd and throng the cities, the human swarm increasing from year to year, generation after generation, regardless of their health and welfare. Residence is hard to obtain in China and not readily or carelessly relinquished when once established, for home to them is only where their great ancestor is buried. Answering the question, "Are you a native here?" the response may come, "No! We have only lived here two generations." Why should they want to leave home when domicile with its protection and the convenience of ancestral residence is so difficult to acquire? The easiest solution to the over-peopling of the cities is government encouragement of emigration from the heavily to the less populated provinces.

The second principal reason for condensed population is the lack of communication and means of transportation throughout the vast extent of China. The farmers can't plant where the soil is at all remote from centers of population. They with all other Chinese must live either in cities or on rivers near cities, so that they can get to the great centers of population and by the waterways which form their only means of transportation. Five miles back of the river, no matter how fertile the soil may be, but few inhabitants can be found, for what is the value of a harvest which cannot be taken to market? Everything must be carried on the backs of natives until railroads are built, since coolie labor, no matter how cheap, is too expensive for long freight transportation. How taunting is the lot of those city dwellers, painfully striving for their pittance of bread, while just beyond as far as the eye can reach is the uncultivated soil of virgin fields ready to bring forth an abundance for all. I have watched farmers fertilizing their growing crops with human excrement diluted with water. Horrible as that long ago discovery was, with the consequent elimination thenceforth of salads from my Chinese bill of fare,

this method of soil enrichment was a necessary expedient to bring those much overworked patches of land to that extreme degree of productivity exacted by the high rental of urban property.

Some years ago, in the province of Shensi, the crops were so abundant that they lay rotting on the ground, but in the adjoining province of Shansi the people were starving. With the increase of highways and railways this sad and ruinous condition will not, of course, be continued.

It must not, however, be inferred from the foregoing that China has no roads, for there are in fact thousands of miles of excellent narrow, stone paved public ways which have well served the purpose for generations, but they are what might be called independent trunk lines with insufficient branches to cover the whole of the surrounding country. The Chinese take no care of their roads when once constructed any more than they would of any other public or private construction. For the Chinese go on the theory that when anything is worn out it is of no account, and in a country where labor is as cheap as it is in China, it is frequently wiser to tear down and build anew from the old materials added to certain new parts than it is to continually patch and mend. In the matter of roads, everybody's business is nobody's business, the government never having had a well organized road building and maintenance system. In some provinces the wear on the roads grinds them into dust which, being washed away by the rains, leaves the roads, after the wear of countless years, *lowways* rather than highways, which during the rains become impassable river beds. To add to the ruin and devastation of the roads, the farmers have been permitted by custom to dig in the roads after a heavy rain, in order to restore to their high fields on either side of the highways the soil which has been washed from them. Farm earth is valuable in China, and since nature has taken it from him why shouldn't the farmer restore it to where it was originally

washed, by digging out the roadway, is the method of reasoning to which no semblance of objection is interposed. So the farmers, replenishing their fields from the roads, together with the wear of travel and the action of the wind and the rains, have converted the highways into ditches and gullies, sometimes resembling miniature cañons.

But even with poor roads, primitive methods of farming and a large waste of energy from crude methods, China is not really so bad off. It is not so much a lack of food that makes China appear poverty stricken as it is the lack of fuel and a scarcity of water, for the Chinese consider that it is unhealthful to bathe in cold water. Fuel is very expensive, and the water wells are deep and quickly drained so that hot water is a combination of luxuries, whereas in Japan, with its abundance of mountain brooks and fuel, it is a plentiful and common necessity. Thus the poorer classes, for lack of hot water to bathe in, look very soiled and begrimed, and since dirt with us is associated with hunger and squalor, many a traveler goes home with dreadful tales of famine when, in most cases, it is merely a case of unwashed faces. Really, the poor in certain parts of China fare as well as the poor of London in winter. For China is a land of excellent table produce and good cooks. The packing of the cities has at least the one advantage: providing the poor with thoroughly cooked food in an appetizing, wholesome way at a minimum cost. For fuel, as I have before remarked, is very scarce in China, owing to the despoilment of their forests to supply the building and fuel demands of the untold generations that have passed. This wood poverty is apparent in all parts of China. Every chip and twig or root and shaving is made use of. In the north of China so saving are they of their fuel that the family cook stove is made to heat the platform used as a bed by means of a flue built through it. I was surprised when visiting the ruins of the Tartar City at Nankin, shortly after the Anti-Manchu Revolution, to find

that the walls of masonry had been pulled down at great labor to obtain here and there the few pieces of wood which were a part of the construction. Traveling through China one is impressed with the scarcity of trees in districts which, at one time, must have been covered with forests. But now even the few pine cones which fall from the diminutive trees that shade the small ancestral cemeteries are looked on as a part of the family treasure and eagerly picked up, one by one, as their growth is carefully followed.

But all this belongs to the Old China, living from hand to mouth as it did perhaps a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Even under those dead conditions China's lot has not been intolerable. But now! The New China with an inheritance which equals one-tenth of the whole value of our planet today! How wonderful the real estimate of these actual riches! The fabled fancies of our childhood and the calculated estimates of our practical life fail in enabling us to grasp the unprecedented value of the hoarded wealth concealed beneath these rugged mountains and far-reaching plains. Vast treasures of gold and silver—rich mines of copper, especially in Yunnan and Kweichau, zinc, coal and iron, abundant antimony in Hunnan and Kwangsi and mercury in Kweichau still intact and untouched, besides fields and depths of precious and semi-precious stones—all these natural riches are the heritage of modern China. How immense the value of these accumulated stores of treasure, awaiting man's service during the ages, and all conserved for the enjoyment of these generations of the modern world. All the gold and silver, all the enormous aggregate of all the useful metals taken from the mines of America from the time of its discovery to the present day, would only represent in part the great ultimate accessible mineral wealth of China. The next great gold discovery will be in China, without, however, the usual rush to the new mines, for the Chinese are determined to proceed more orderly and methodically

in the unearthing of their treasure than has any other nation before it, for they have an abundance of good labor and can profit by the experience so costly to other nations. Other fields of nature's treasures will also be discovered, but far richer than mere gold and diamonds will be the great reward attending the industrial development favored by the abundance of coal and iron.

But what is our authority for believing that China is so wonderfully mineralized? To give even a general indication of the mineral deposits of China as now understood and blocked out would require several volumes, so for our present purpose it may be sufficient to state that not only has China by reason of the immensity of its territory a large *pro rata* share of the average mining wealth of the world, but it is in certain provinces as highly mineralized as Mexico. In west China coolies make their day's good wage and occasionally a rich find by sifting out from the dirt of the river beds gold that has been washed down from mountains hundreds of miles away. As I write, a grate fire is gleaming with a clean anthracite, brought from mines whose known volume of high grade coal is enough to supply the world indefinitely and accessible to iron mines which likewise have a relatively inexhaustible amount of that metal. It is estimated that in the province of Shensi alone there are several hundred thousand square miles of coal and iron. The Chinese, because of the *Feng Sui* superstition—to be discussed in a following chapter—never dug in the ground deeply, limiting themselves to mere surface scratching for the beautiful marbles and semi-precious stones such as jade and amethyst, agate and cornelian, in which China abounds, but even with such superficial search the great rich underlying veins and strata were apparent.

With cheap and reliable labor everywhere in China, it will not be long before the mineral exploitation is well under way, and the question of caring for the increasing population will

then be solved. Although labor conditions are excellent, industrial organization among the Chinese is undergoing some experimental disappointments. The following may serve as an illustration: At Tansanhwan, below Hankow, a Swiss had lost a fortune in a colliery and it finally passed into the hands of a Frenchman who, having better luck with its drainage, was able to produce coal at a dollar and a quarter a ton which he sold for four dollars. The owner was making money so fast that the Hupeh government, under the Manchus, bought him out for one hundred and sixty thousand taels, and after running it very successfully for six weeks, by inattention to the drainage allowed the mine to be flooded, drowning about one hundred and fifty men and putting the mine back to where it was before taken over by its former owner.

The fault of Chinese organization is that there isn't any organization at all, not because every Chinese wants to have his own way, but it is because there is not a complete complement of service. For example, in the above illustration, the disaster was caused by a *makee learnie pidgin boy*, as an apprentice is called in pidgin English, being left in charge with an inadequate idea of his duty. What the Chinese need is more direction. There are never enough foremen as with us. They give splendid results if properly directed, and the commonest coolie labor can be absolutely depended upon if taught the separate duties under one responsible chief. The hard thing in China is to find out who is responsible. For example: I happened to be one of the first passengers on the through express between Tientsin and Pukow. The management and control of this railroad are entirely Chinese, and I was pleased to note in what apparently good working order everything was. The spick and span engine had been groomed until it shone like a new dollar. In the engine cab was the young engineer with two firemen, none of the three probably ever having seen an engine two years before. The coaches were clean and im-

maculate, the windows of the observatory car being continually polished by a porter especially for that service. The sleeping cars, although suffering the disadvantage of being divided into sections of four berths each, were well equipped and attended. In the dining cars a meal was served for fifty cents which would have done credit to the best French restaurants. All seemed to be in perfect order to obtain safety and comfort on the long twenty-seven hour journey. We congratulated ourselves upon the prospect of that still rare *desideratum* in China—a comfortable voyage. Everything ran along smoothly for the first hour or so, when a noticeable lowering of the thermometer called forth frequent ringing of the bells by the chilled passengers, with requests of the porters to kindly turn on the heat. The order was seemingly promptly complied with and the passengers complacently gathered their rugs around them to wait for the longed for warmth, but to their ultimate dismay they found the cars growing colder and colder. More bells, more expostulations with more apparent obedience on the part of the porters, but still the thermometer continued to fall. Finally it was discovered that the steam heating pipes were burst and the long journey had to be accomplished in the bitter cold, to the hardship of all. There was no one to whom we could appeal; no *chef de train*, no one who had authority to remedy that simple situation which could have been corrected by ten minutes' work on the part of any mechanic. Someone offered to do the work if he were furnished the tools, but there was no authority for such action. The engineer's duty in that regard ended in turning on the steam, but unfortunately no one had been instructed to drain the pipes after the run was made, so that one had frozen and burst and no one had authority to bother with them until the end of the voyage was reached. A *chef de train* would have immediately disposed of the matter.

I am not of those who believe that the Chinese are so de-

sirous of having their own way that they will never submit to the discipline of an organization nor of those who cite examples in the army where even decapitation for minor offenses will not promote discipline as they claim, further alleging that the Chinese is a great gambler and will even gamble with his life to have his own way.

I am convinced that the Chinese within the perspective of half a generation, both by the perfection of their industrial and commercial organizations, as well as by the excellence of their army and navy, will astonish the world by their adhesion and fidelity under authoritative leadership. Today filial and ancestral reverence make up the elementary obligation of the Chinese in their simple form of patriarchal government, but taking on as they are the responsibilities of a modern people, they will quickly respond to the new exactions made of them.

CHAPTER III

THE PASSING OF FENG SUI

Feng Sui has been the winged dragon-monster which, mounted for centuries in guard upon the hidden treasures of China, has conserved them for the enrichment of the present generations. There is always a little good in even the greatest evil, and the nonsensical superstition of *Feng Sui*, which has ruled China for a thousand years and more, must be in part credited with having saved the great mineral wealth of its provinces from the rapacious governing classes of the past.

Feng Sui is the doctrine of the wind and water, requiring among other exactions that the dead shall be buried in certain favorable spots so that their spiritual nature shall be in accord with the natural phenomena.

High and low alike have some regard for this strange superstition, its greatest tribute being the wonderful tombs of the Mings for the most part planted upon the distant slopes of the lonely and isolated mountains of North China.

The Chinese, like all other civilized people, cherish the bodies of their dead, but burial to them was more than a mere indication of love and respect, for the grave became their altar of ancestral worship and their nearest approach to the unfathomable mysteries that lay beyond.

Feng Sui is not a religion—it is a mere superstition formed in the disordered imagination by a process similar to that which made some of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors believe in witches and hang innocent old women for being possessed of evil spirits. They laugh about it at times, sometimes make use of it to drive a sharp bargain in selling land for public uses, sometimes justify it as an old fabled tradition which after all does no harm. *Feng Sui* teaches us one thing, however, that the Chinese, by their continuance of this superstition, are a much more religiously natured people than is

generally believed. For the traveler in China is particularly struck with the absence of places of worship, their temples, such as they are, generally having an abandoned and neglected appearance and but little frequented by worshipers, and there is but small indication of the nature of devotions or whether they be Taoist, Buddhist or Confucian. The Chinese consistently accept any or all three of these religions. The literate Chinese scoffs at all except the philosophy of Confucius, but frequently when troubles beset him he betakes himself to the half-ruined Taoist or Buddhist temple for devotional comfort. No one should be surprised with the adhesion of Chinese to more than one religion, for we ourselves of the Christian faith believe not only in the teaching of the Nazarene, but also in the Jewish faith up to the time of Christ, thus from the Chinese standpoint embracing two religions.

I was surprised to find on my last sojourn in China that the large revival of the Buddhist religion which I recently observed in all parts of Japan, manifested in the building of costly new temples and the careful repair of the old has not reached into China, which will, however, be the case if Nipponese statecraft in its 1915 exactions in China is able to include in its aggression the influence of Japanese Buddhist priests.

The temples of China are in a most dilapidated shape, and in a recent tour from Peking to Canton through the principal cities, I failed to find any new religious edifices except an occasional small temple such as stands by the Bubbling Well in Shanghai. The old city temples, crowded as they are among the surrounding structures, are disagreeable of approach because of the waiting beggars, disfigured by the most dreadful contagious diseases, clad in filthy rags and polluting the air with their sad condition, have nothing about them to suggest the exaltation of worship. Tawdry painted images begrimed and soot laden by the choking clouds of cheap, foul incense, struggling against the obscured light of the roof open-

ings, are the principal inanimate objects in the throng of holiday worshipers who half-heartedly burn their joss paper in smoking incense burners, their figures almost seeming a part of the infernal regions.

Feng Sui superstition, with its approach to nature worship, amid grass grown grave mounds and the overhanging evergreens, is uplifting compared with the reeking surroundings of the multitude as they crowd about the, to us, meaningless images of the city temples.

The dainty Japanese Shinto temple, the spacious area of the Mussulman's mosque with its fountains of ablution, elevate, and even the dingy Hindu temple suggests some thought of the divine, but in the squalor and contamination of Chinese public worship is only to be found a forlorn confession of the power of hell.

Not frequently will the traveler, however, have an opportunity of witnessing temple worship as described, for the temples are open only on set holiday occasions in all their extent, although the casual worship at single shrines is a matter of daily observation. The Chinese have ordinarily no congregation worship as with us. Each worshiper follows his own wish in the matter of attendance and prayer. There is no state religion which actually corresponds to that of, say, Spain. All are free to follow whatever creed they desire. A movement is now on foot among the Christian Chinese to evangelize their people into a Christian state religion, a tremendous task but which, if only in a very small part accomplished, will do everything for the uplift of China.

Feng Sui received its first blow in the building of the railroads when the graves with their *Feng Sui* were planted elsewhere as they were taken up on the right of way. For the graves of the Chinese are not planted in communal cemeteries as with us. Each family selects such a parcel of land as may be indicated to them by the necromancers as favorable, accord-

ing to the doctrine of their superstition and, acquiring title by purchase, enter into its possession for perpetuity. The graves are heaped up into high mounds, that of the ancestor being much larger than those of his descendants. Nearby and partly surrounding the graves a crescent shaped mound is raised. This is to protect the spirits of the dead from the ghouls and evil ghosts which might otherwise disturb them. A grove of pine trees, when circumstances permit, is planted as an inclosure around the whole group of graves. This picture, as I have attempted to show it, is common in all parts of China. For many miles from any village graves thickly dot the landscape, the cultivation of the fields coming up to their very base. Once every year the family gather at these graves to keep the mounds raised and perform acts of reverence. As one passes along by rail through some of the provinces, mounds of earth and gravel, formed for the convenience of farmers and laborers for use in case of inundation from the rivers, are sometimes mistaken even by the long residents for graves, for graves are so numerous in China that one expects to find them anywhere, there hardly being any spot along routes of travel for thousands of miles where one or more are not visible.

With the beginning of *Feng Sui* decline it will rapidly die away, its influence being now very largely lost in the matter of building construction. Formerly if one wanted to construct a building he had first to consult with his neighbors in conjunction with the necromancers to discover if the ethereal spirits, which were supposed to be lurking around for a proper wind from a certain direction to bear them on in their good or evil work, would be affected by the obstacles of the construction. For example: The construction of a chimney might turn aside a good spirit from his favorite haunt, and the building of windows in certain positions might prove an invitation for evil spirits to pass through into a new field of visitation.

The necromancers gave themselves up seriously to the study of

mysticism, and much of the stability of the institution of *Feng Sui* is undoubtedly due to these illiterate men who superstitious and ignorant themselves apparently believed earnestly in their vocation from which they derived but a scant subsistence. The decisions of the necromancers were followed with great attention, even to the placing of screens before dwellings made of the same solid material as the buildings themselves and so arranged that the wind could not blow directly into the dwelling. Sometimes looking glasses were set in such way that the evil spirit, in trying to enter the dwelling, would see his own reflection which was presumed to be so ugly that he would hasten away in great fear of his own image.

Ill-omened ghosts were always supposed to have a great affinity for dark places and hence the old Chinese custom arose, particularly prevalent in Central China, of screaming or shrieking upon entering any dark street in order to overcome the spirit by fear.

One of the most serious effects of the burial catalogue of *Feng Sui* was the suspension and delay in the interment of the dead until a favorable time and place had been decided upon by the necromancers for the final disposition of the remains. The corpses of the moneyed classes were held in the guilds, temples or charnel houses. Those of the poorer classes were allowed to remain along the outside of the walls of the city where they were generally left until only the bones remained. Many thousands of bodies were thus allowed to go unburied for months and even years in utter disregard of the contagion of which they were a constant menace. Cases were common where the burial had been so long delayed that the coffins, falling to pieces from age, would disclose whatever was left of the gruesome remains. But sanitary provisions are now being promulgated against this practice.

Interesting indeed would prove a collection of the stories of foreigners who have encountered difficulties in putting up

buildings which were not in accord with the rules and regulations of the necromancers. I will indulge in telling of the instance of an American in Szechuan Province, who, not having even heard of *Feng Sui*, although a resident of China for many years, let a contract for a large building. After the building was almost up the property holders of that vicinity interposed a strong objection against its completion, saying the necromancers declared that *Sui* was on that side of the street where the new building was in progress of construction and that consequently there would be more deaths there than on the other during the ensuing year. The necromancers in that part of Szechuan Province were mostly Taoists who, as elsewhere, practiced their black art as the Chinese practice medicine, merely hanging out their sign and learning their profession by the daily experience they acquired and evidently were lacking in adroitness in making their declaration positive beyond the power of modification, for the following year there were more deaths on the opposite side, *Sui* having gone to the other side of the street. Hence the natives declared that the foreigner's building favored rather than disturbed the *Feng Sui* of its neighbors, and he was looked upon with great favor ever after.

There is no question, as I have before indicated, of not only the rapid passing of *Feng Sui*, but of all superstitions as well. The Revolution did wonders in changing the old order of things. Temple practices and feast days are everywhere being abandoned. Here is an interesting example of the modern trend: Ever since the repopulation of Szechuan Province, that province being almost entirely depopulated under the misrule of the Manchus in the early part of their dynasty, so that two centuries and a half ago it only numbered a quarter of a million inhabitants whereas it now has a population of seventy million, there has been revered in Che-Suen, a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, a ten foot high image, probably constructed from models brought from India. Worship at the

shrine of this image was supposed to be so efficacious that thousands came for the yearly feast in the hope of being cured, to the direct profit of the town merchants and priests.

A medical missionary at that city prepared himself with large quantities of boracic acid, and on the occasion of these feasts treated with the most happy results many of the afflicted pilgrims as they came to the shrine.

The year after the Revolution, when the merchants and priests asked permission of the *Shen* to hold the annual feast, the *Shen*, acting undoubtedly upon orders received from his superiors, said:

"No! For two hundred and fifty years this annual feast has been given to that image, but he shall have no more. You all know that he never cured anyone anyhow, for the American doctor has really effected the cures. So, go you your way with your humbug! There will be no feast."

The conduct of the priests and merchants thereafter showed a very common and praiseworthy Chinese characteristic. Instead of complaining against the prohibition of a custom recognized for two and a half centuries seriously affecting their gaining a livelihood, they accepted the decision as final instead of appealing to higher authority and conformed themselves accordingly.

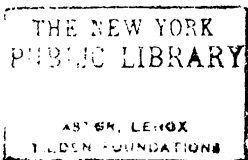
There is a tendency on the part of foreigners to exaggerate the prevalence of superstition and particularly *Feng Sui*. There is even or has been a tendency to exaggerate *Feng Sui* by the anti-foreign Chinese themselves, who after the Boxer outbreak sometimes invoked that ancient custom merely as a part of their Boxer political propaganda.

After all we can't be harsh in our criticism of Chinese superstitions, for the Salem witchcraft barbarities are still fresh on the pages of history, and I remember very well as a small boy how we looked with awe on a tall man armed with a pronged divining rod who was held to be of assistance in discovering the most favorable spots for digging wells.



*Pagoda anchorage, Foochow.
Surface graves near Woosung.*

*Rice junk.
Prayer wheel, Peking.*



CHAPTER IV

EARLY MARRIAGES AND SECONDARY WIVES

A large proportion of marriages among the poorer classes is brought about by the mother of the husband in order to obtain the services of a daughter-in-law, the bride being really married to a family rather than only to her husband and becoming thus an additional child of the family. The boys are frequently married at the age of twelve to women half again their age. Our silly joke against the mother-in-law is made sillier still against the hard working daughter-in-law by the Chinese when they make the mother in a jest say to the daughter-in-law: "Come! Thy husband is wearied with his toys. Take him and put him to bed!"

The only justification for these extreme marriages for convenience is that sometimes a wild boy may eventually become a substantial man by having, as it were, two mothers interested in his good conduct rather than one. We Americans, with our chaos of marital conditions resulting from overindulgent divorce laws recklessly applied, can hardly afford to criticise the Chinese in their domestic relations, for as a rule they are felicitous and free from the broken pledges of the Occidental divorce courts.

The mother of a son among the poorer classes is anxious to have her son marry as early as possible a fully matured young woman in order to enjoy the benefit of her services, and the prospective daughter-in-law is anxious to marry the boy who has the kindest mother so that her lot in life may not be made onerous and miserable. The prospective boy husband is generally too young to pay much attention to his matrimonial venture and accepts his bride as selected by his mother with

gracious apathy. This custom of marriage is frequently a great hardship on the girl transient member of the family, who upon her marriage will be entirely lost as an economic factor in the family. Socially, however, she keeps up her relations with her family on those rare visits allowed away from the drudgery of her mother-in-law's household. It is only on these visits that the poor creature really has any respite from her daily routine of domestic labor in the communistic family of her adoption.

Such marriages take from the wife the two most inherent rights of her existence—affection and an independent home of her own. The husband is deprived of the element of affection in such marriages and frequently makes up for it when he can afford to do so by taking a secondary wife who, although she has no actual legal status, cannot be discarded unless proper provision is made for her.

Among all classes the Chinese first wife, Kit-fat, is selected by the parents of the husband. This fact, together with the custom of ancestral worship, is largely responsible for the institution of secondary wives which strangely enough, however, does not seem to destroy the recognized sense of sex equality strongly prevailing among the Chinese.

The existence of secondary wives in the household of all wealthy Chinese or in separate houses if fortune permits such misfortune, is a matter of common information, but owing to the fact that it is exceedingly bad form to speak to a Chinese on this subject or on any other relating to the female members of the family, first-hand information of such and such a Chinese in this regard is exceedingly scant. There is not now, however, nor will there probably be for a generation or so yet to come, any law passed making bigamy and polygamy an offense as with us. Many of the political leaders of the present new order of things have secondary wives and are realizing too late that bigamous relations are a serious hindrance to modern

progress. All thinking Chinese are united, I am sure, upon the abolition of the custom, and it will gradually be abandoned upon the grounds of common propriety and the Kit-fat will reign supreme.

Rarely does the question of secondary wives come up in the matter of church work among the missionaries because Christian converts come generally from a class who cannot ordinarily afford more than one wife. But such cases as do arise are about as the following:

A Chinese, the owner of a small farm, joined with his wife the Methodist Mission Church in one of the cities of Szechuan Province. At the time the missionary took it for granted that the wife presented was his *only* wife. Considerable time elapsed when the missionary discovered that the convert had two wives, the one who had joined the church with him being only his secondary wife, the principal wife living apart from her husband but in the same neighborhood.

Upon being questioned the convert expressed some surprise that such a small detail should be made a matter of church inquiry, stating that he, having married his first wife in boyhood in conformance with his father's wish, had had no male issue by her and consequently married his second wife also upon his father's request, he wishing to gratify his desire for descendants.

The missionary finally adjusted the matter by reducing the convert and his secondary wife from full membership to *probation*.

As I have suggested the Chinese justify the secondary wife custom upon the natural right of a man to become an ancestor, and instances are not infrequent where the sonless Kit-fat will insist upon her husband's taking a secondary wife in the hopes of obtaining a male descendant who becomes by adoption the son of the Kit-fat. In this contention he is supported by many of our State laws making impotency a ground for absolute

divorce. The Chinese look upon divorce with abhorrence. To them a divorce is immoral because it allows the parties to promiscuously marry, which is obnoxious to the Chinese standard of ethics.

Monogamy is the rule and polygamy modified as above narrated is only the extreme exception of the wealthy, and eventually the influence of the Chinese girls now being so generally educated in mission schools will correct this evil, for Chinese women, vigorous minded yet kindly persuasive, will themselves, throwing the veil of compassion over the secondary wife, find the way to dismiss her from the stage upon which she has so long played her tragic and sorrowful role.

CHAPTER V

LILY-FOOT VANITY

No other custom seems to be as censurable as foot binding. From the age of six to twelve years the young aspirant for tiny feet gladly submitted to painful deadening of the circulation in her feet so that those members would not keep pace with the healthful unfolding of her maturity. Although decrees have been published against this practice it is still lingering, but will eventually die out.

The origin of this practice, like all other Chinese ancient customs, is lost in the lapse of time. One story ascribes it to the example set by an imperial princess born with small club feet but otherwise so beautiful that all other women wanted to imitate her physical perfection and defect in every particular. A Chinese scholar in Nankin gave me a story of its origin which I am sure is new and has never been published. I give his words as nearly as I can recollect:

"An ancient Chinese emperor, whose name is lost to history and fortunately so because he was the most debauched of all our sovereigns, was accustomed to give theatrical entertainments in his palaces to which he invited all his subjects with their daughters in order that the latter might take parts to be assigned to them in the imperial entertainments, and as candidates in an exhibition of their beauty and talents strive to become a part of his household. In the debauchery of his nature he gave these entertainments many novel and unusual features, and on one occasion caused his stage artisans to prepare with other accessories golden foot pieces with the device: 'She who places her feet in these lilies shall be my favorite.'

"A large concourse of aspirants exhausted every means to crowd their feet into the golden lilies, but without success until

after waiting a dozen years a candidate presented herself who passed the test and was accepted, her wily old mother having bound her feet for the purpose. Great was the envy of the other mothers, and thus the custom of foot binding was originated."

Although we know nothing of the origin of the custom, we are cognizant of the cause of its end—an awakening to the barbarity and silliness of the practice. Nothing will do more to abolish this fashion than the adoption of simple European footwear of leather in the place of the dainty Chinese shoes of figured satins and fancy chevots, the former exposing the deformity in detail without any concealment of colored cloth or raised foot sole to hide it. Bound-foot women have to walk on their heels in a stiff, stilt-like manner, the spinal column suffering direct concussion at each foot fall since there is no absorption of the shock by the muscles of the leg and forefoot. European shoes without heels—and bound feet cannot wear them with heels—do not become a woman's fashionable dressing nor add to the stature of the sometimes rather diminutive Chinese lady. Hence one vanity overcometh another! *Vanitas vanitatis!* Foot binding, being a practice particularly prevalent among the lower classes, will not disappear among them as rapidly as among the better classes.

Only the Chinese have this custom, the Manchus having condemned it as fit only for the Chinese but not themselves. Occasionally the tourist will observe, particularly in Peking, a woman apparently Manchu, judging from her black satin butterfly bow hat and her gown, who has bound feet. Such types are not, however, Manchu but are really Chinese women who, marrying Manchus, adopt the customs of their husband's people as near as they can. These marriages, which were prohibited by the law up to 1900, are now becoming very common.

And with the bound feet will likewise disappear the harmful and ugly hairdressing of the Chinese women, whose aim

seems to be to conceal and destroy their beautiful heavy black hair rather than use it to enframe and add to the attractiveness of the face. They pull and slick their hair back in a greased plaster and mat shape, drawing and combing it as tightly as possible, holding it as a mould in place by fancy close fitting head bands with jade or other ornaments, only allowing the coil in loops at the back of the head to give an indication of the treasure of beautiful hair, thus ruthlessly concealed by the rude dictates of their fashion. This combing and straining at the hair roots is with malaria the cause of the frequent baldness among middle aged Chinese women who make no attempt to conceal or protect their sometimes almost bare scalps with wigs or other artificial hair accessories. Women, except the Manchus, generally wear no headdress as before indicated, and those of the north in winter time wear a man's style of hat which can be pulled down over their ears and made of fur or cloth to suit the taste of the wearer, richly embroidered and with colored satin scarfs hanging from the back.

What mysteries, these Chinese women! Some delicately complexioned, perfumed and unctuous, adorned with costly gems and dressed in rich brocades; others parchment skinned, unkempt, hacking out a hollow cough that tells of nights spent over earthen floors in the foul damp air of the hovels that serve them as homes; but all under the protection of men who cherish them as they do their song birds tied to sticks or confined in covered cages. Labor beyond the threshold of their abode is not their lot, nor with it the unrestraint of family, yet where else the whole world over will you find women more independent in the enjoyment of luxury or more happy in the endurance of destitution?

When the pathetic figure of the Chinese woman stiling along on her stumped feet with hands ever ready to balance the uncertain step, her luxuriant hair radiantly plastered and curiously adorned, her eyes heightened in their brightness by

rich toned silks and the sluggish glow of jade, her rounded trousers grotesque beneath the flaring skirts, stoical and proud but keenly observant and ever ready with the response of her gracious smile or low musical laugh; when she shall have passed away the curtain will fall upon the most striking *tableau vivant* of our times and the picture of a thousand years will be forever lost in the unalterable change of a single generation.

But in the meantime she is still proud of her plastered hair and lily feet, and looks with pity on the over-redundant hair dress and with horror on the corseted waistline of the foreign lady.

CHAPTER VI

EVERYDAY CHINA

The traveler seeking the wonderful in architecture and the beautiful in art will be rudely disappointed in China, for of such there is but little to be seen. Excepting the ramshackle pagodas with their gaping sides and grass grown roofs, there is not much to attract in the way of building design, although the lover of the picturesque never will tire of the unique landscape setting which many of these pagodas possess. The student of history will also find disappointments in his futile efforts to locate points of historical interest, for compared with other countries China is strangely lacking in history, even in folklore and legends. Let us hope that in eventual excavations in the alluvial deposits, particularly of Central China, much light will be thrown upon Cathay's history by the discovery of monuments and other treasures of the forgotten past.

Any ancient landmark can be properly represented according to the picturesque use of Chinese hyperbola as a thing of ten thousand years. Long did I linger upon the beautifully arched bridge of Foochow looking upon the ever-changing scenes of the river fronts with a thought of regret that such a beautiful and comparatively modern bridge should be burdened with its inappropriate name of "The Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages."

There is today very little of the very old in China as compared even with India. One reason assigned for the impermanency of Chinese buildings is that they are not built as with us on deep set foundations, but are only anchored as it were to the ground by the weight of their heavy roofs.

The amateur of sculpture and painting will find but a passing interest in the Chinese standards so wonderfully improved

upon and idealized by the Japanese. But to devotees of the trades and crafts and to the keen observers who love to read the romances and tragedies of men as portrayed in the changing scenes of their daily life, China becomes a land of enchantment.

The Chinese have ever been described as an industrious and peace loving people, but more than this they are the most home attached and domestic race of the earth, so devoted to their homes that they will make any sacrifice to maintain their quiet enjoyment. The walls which still today surround a thousand Chinese cities, stand as monuments to their home loving instinct. War, howsoever honorable, was to them atrocious. By their artisan intelligence they could until comparatively recent times within the safety of their fortifications enjoy undisturbed the peace and quiet of their firesides. In building walls they dispensed with the burdens of the soldiery, whom they looked upon as a needless element of society whose occupation begot idleness and provoked mischief. A trade or other honest calling was the irrevocable exaction made of all those who enjoyed the protection of those bastions and walls. There could be no idleness in the city; there was no room for drones. All had their fixed employment, save the unfortunate sick or decrepit, who were charitably allowed to seek their pittance from door to door. The Chinese did not so much regard them as beggars; they were rather considered as pensioners by reason of their misfortune and treated accordingly with unusual commiseration. The tolerance and even respect shown beggars throughout China is a beautiful commentary of the teachings of Confucius. On the slopes of Purple Mountain near Nankin, while I was watching the drilling of Republican troops, a whole battalion of infantry changed its line of march to avoid disturbing an old beggar who was dragging himself along the highway. In a crowded city street I saw a crippled mendicant, his little dog trained to *kowtow* in a droll manner before him,

take up the best part of the packed thoroughfare as the crowd passed good naturedly on either side of him.

Until the advent of the Republic practically no police were deemed necessary to keep order within the cities, and upon my return to China after the Revolution no innovation impressed me more than the armed city guards who, among the gowned throngs which have passed and repassed for hundreds of years just as they are passing today with the stamp of some labor or calling upon them all, intent upon their business, pushing ahead but with no undue jostling, the coolies' begrimed cotton against the fresh brocade of the merchant, forecast the disappearance of a social life which has lasted longer than that of any other race.

Governed by the simple rule of patriarchal obedience and restrained from evil doing by the never ending tasks of their callings, these busy denizens had as little need of constabulary within as they had of soldiery without.

Once at Nankin I watched a modern application of the real power of the patriarchal institution of authority. In the midst of the street, surrounded by a silent and respectful crowd, a father with a club was belaboring his strapping twenty-year old son for some presumable misconduct. The son on his knees and with upheld hands begged for mercy until finally satisfied that even justice had been meted out in punishment, the father, with the air of one who has done his full duty without anger or imprecation, leaving his offspring dazed and only half-conscious, limp upon the ground, and accompanied by his wife marched quietly but superbly away.

A couple of police stood by with never a thought of interfering in the serious assault. They still recognized in the authority of the parent a force superior to the innovation of modern government; a natural combination of executive and judicial authority existing under the most irrevocable law of man—the law of custom. The patriarchal institution did much

to hold China in the mold of its social lethargy, the principal reason for which, however, is found as we have noted in Chinese geographical isolation.

As we walk about the noisome Chinese streets, the fetor and squalor—only relieved at rare intervals by temple spaces or tea house rockeries or more frequently a bird or florist's store, where the warbling song or the flower's scent are a welcome respite from the depressing scenes about—to properly interpret the Chinese in these precious crowded spaces within the city walls, we should recall what in all likelihood was the condition of our own racial ancestors some two thousand years ago.

Well vaccinated and with court plaster over any broken parts of cuticle, there is as little danger of contracting disease in lingering and rambling about a Chinese city as there would be in a stroll along the boulevarded part of the foreign settlement.

Palanquin chairs are all well enough to obtain general impressions, but to really know a Chinese city you must *ramble*. I do not say walking for that fashion of locomotion is far too orderly and connected to adapt itself to the slow and uncertain progress of a curiously observed foreigner in a Chinese city, where pushed and jostled by greasy shoulders, bumped by swinging baskets of provisions—stepping quickly out of the way of straining coolies as they pant along, calling their step to each other, taking up half of the street, their heavy load swinging from a bamboo pole—importuned by beggars, squeezed by wheelbarrows, good naturedly eyed by all, getting about is more like a never-ending game of hop, skip and jump than mere walking.

The Chinese love activity. Without wishing to idealize them in a single particular, I must say that they are the most eternally alert and wide-awake people on our whole planet. They are always moving about and in a long day's journey it

is hard to discover one of them who is idle. If they haven't anything to do for the moment they stand expectant ready to recommence their work. They neither sit down for rest like Europeans nor squat like all other Asiatic people. As long as the day's labor lasts they are agile and keenly watchful for the next move. The poorer classes nearly always eat their food standing. A Chinese asleep in the daytime is a ridiculous impossibility in China. It is in his nature to stir around as long as the sunlight lasts. The very marrow of his bones seems to tingle with activity. Yawning with them does not seem as common as with us. Hard labor leaves no mark of fatigue upon their faces, even though their limbs drag with exhaustion. They love the excitement of motion—not by fits and starts—but the onward orderly motion like the turning of a great wheel propelled by the rise and fall of its shaft. Such an exhibition of modern enginery as this or any other to them, great wonder, will hold a crowd spell-bound with interest. The Chinese love method even in motion. They themselves are methodic and orderly. Every motion must count with them, even to the rickshaw men who so measure their breath that they arrive at the end of their course without panting, although they will strain themselves to the extreme if required. The secret of Chinese individual independence may be found in the fact that each man works at his calling alone. Every artisan has his set labor regardless of the labor of companions. Even the coolies work singly, except where the nature of their work requires the combined strength of two or several. They are, therefore, largely their own masters. They follow their vocation without direction or orders, although much will be gained when they submit to the discipline of organization. And so they have finally taken the independence of their daily labor into their social life in all of its ramifications, finally coming to the point where they will neither offer nor brook interference.

Loving activity the Chinese naturally love crowds, for their crowds are rarely stationary although nearly always comparatively noiseless. Their streets, though thronged with passing multitude, are frequently so still, except when carriers pass, that the light sounds of the silversmith tools can be heard by an attentive passerby. The only crowds that most Chinese have ever known are the street crowds as they curiously gather in a common impulse of observation at some strange or unusual sight.

During your rambles do not feel annoyed at the good natured crowds that will in some cities gather about you, for the white face is still much of a rarity in most parts of interior China. Not only our physical appearance but likewise our clothes interest them. Someone in the crowd will get the detail of every button. Fond as I am of children, I have frequently felt sorry for little Chinese children who would run from us in great fright. In Peking once we stopped to watch some caravan camels, and while doing so a father ran into his house to bring out his whole family of little ones who shrinkingly and wonderingly gazed upon us. I once saw a Chinese albino. In spite of his strong Asiatic features he might have passed for some fair skinned European dweller of the north. He attracted much attention among the Chinese, but not as much as I, a foreigner, which leads me to believe that our style of dressing is the great object of their curiosity. And really we must appear outlandish to them! Our women with their stays and high-heeled shoes; our men with collar, cravat and derby hat!

One of the most distressing experiences in a ramble in a Chinese city are the beggars. Their condition is dreadful beyond description, and they frequently expose afflicted parts of their person, such as a diseased arm or limb, so that amid their rags they produce an impression so shocking that delicate persons are sometimes hours in recovering from its effect. To

add to the sadness of the situation one dares rarely to give them any alms, for the word will be quickly carried along to other beggars who will come swarming with dreadful outstretched hands and with open sores of virulent contagion, thrusting their loathsome bodies through the crowd until they arrive directly against one. Flint hearted and callous indeed would be anyone who would not gladly and generously respond to these unfortunate afflicted beings if it were possible to do so without grave personal exposure to contagion. Nearly all beggars in China are worthy of charity. There are few fake beggars as in India, although one is frequently importuned by children following and crying vigorously for *cumshaw*, a word derived from "Come Shore," meaning money given the sailors to come ashore with and which was supposed to be spent with the prodigality that only drunken seamen affect. Outside of the *cumshaw* children's begging of the port towns, there is little mendicancy in China as compared with India.

Perhaps in your meandering about the streets you may be fortunate in running into a fair. In Peking, which is the most enjoyable of all Chinese cities for a ramble, there are numerous fairs, nearly all of which are arranged in temple grounds. Describing one held at the temple grounds of Houkousieu may be entertaining.

The streets leading up to the temple grounds are filled with people and lined with the wares of small merchants who sell everything from a dwarfed pine tree to a fish pole feather duster. Many brilliantly vermillioned women's faces are seen in the throng, which calls for a word of explanation. Chinese and Manchu girls and women paint themselves as a mere matter of decoration, just as they would sew a bright colored band to their hats. There is no attempt at deception, for it is laid on as thickly as the paint on a house. Little girls, dressed in rags, humble little chips of humanity just beginning to have a likeness for pretty things, paint themselves up when

they can get hold of the color, and all crimson with their daubs are seen mopping up the floors or throwing out the dish water that they have warmed their hands in if it be winter time. Mothers to amuse the children sometimes paint their children's faces, and they are thus seen like grotesque little clowns in the street. The custom of face painting has no significance in China. Our women paint to improve the appearance of their complexion; Chinese women paint just for fun—for the mere strangeness of the decoration.

But to return to the fair. Inside the dilapidated temple grounds is disclosed an endless chain of pleasure seekers and bargain hunters, crowding in orderly columns through the narrow gateways of the temples unless deflected into narrower files, directed toward particular booths of merchandise. Chinese crowds are very quiet compared with ours; no loud laughter, although everyone is good natured and smiling. No hum of voices for they are close observers and have little desire to talk when there is something new to see. Here and there in the temple grounds medicine dispensers are proclaiming in husky voices, much as the singing salesmen of city wares, the excellence of the concoctions offered for sale. One of them is a strong, powerful, low statured fellow who, throwing aside his fur coat and disclosing his half-naked body, cries out, "How potent is the power of medicine when properly prepared. See! I am strong because I use these tablets. Let those who are ailing profit by my words!" With that he seizes a bundling mass of heavy ship chains loaded with weights of blunt metal which he throws into the air, pulling them down upon his naked breast with a sickening thud, repeated a score of times amid his yells and grimaces of self-inflicted pain. Finally, exhausted with his exertions and overcome by the force of his own ingenious assault, he drops the irons to take the tablet of medicine proffered by his attendant, and reviving himself with a cup of tea he follows the lively sale of his alleged medicine with interest.

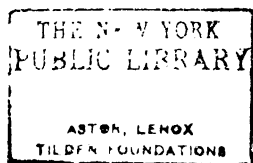


*January in Old Shanghai with snow on
Tea House Bridge.*

Hongkong Peak from Signal Station.

*January in Canton with front of
open.*

*Glimpse of Foochow bridge of
Thousand Ages.*



A few yards from this spectacle is a pole thrower who, proclaiming the virtues of a certain medicine, hurls and spins a thirty-foot pole in the air regardless of the fact that a single slip may brain a half dozen of the admiring crowd beneath.

Still farther beyond is a sword swallower, a tall handsome fellow who, with dramatic gestures and poses, finally seizes a wide glittering sword longer than his body is wide, plunging it down through his throat and aesophagus, where he allows it to remain a surprising length of time, the secretions of his throat and gullet meantime draining along the blade.

Another vender of cures in pantomime tragically exhibits a plaster which he places upon various parts of the bodies of those who present themselves for treatment with many grandiose movements of his hands and arms.

These jugglers, mountebanks and medicine men are very common in China, and their skill and dexterity would bring forth a storm of applause were they on the American vaudeville stage. Their accessories are very simple. The novelty and skillfulness of their sleight-of-hand is wonderful and only obtained by continued practice from childhood. Quite a common trick is blowing clouds of smoke and spouts of fire from their mouth in astonishing volumes, which, when quenched apparently by chewing up into the mouth from time to time a sort of mealy looking mixture, suddenly belches forth anew, crackling and exploding into a great shower of sparks—a most inexhaustible pyrotechnic.

The Chinese, although lacking in many other forms of entertainment, have developed the art of legerdemain into a state of excellence hardly to be expected in the full light of open air exhibitions and pathetically scant paraphernalia. The entertainments are generally public, the Chinese magician depending upon the generosity of spectators for his reward in case he offers nothing to sell. It is surprising how liberally even poor Chinese respond by a voluntary contribution of

cash when they deem the performance worthy. One reason why the theatre has not thrived in China is found in the unwillingness of the natives to pay in advance for an entertainment of whose value they are uncertain. A German established a moving picture show at Chentu, in Szechuan Province. At first the Chinese would not patronize it, complaining because an admission fee was charged and the entertainment all secretly enclosed, for the entertainments are, with the exception of certain metropolitan theatres, held in public by voluntary contributions much like the fairs in some of our American countries. After they discovered, however, that the show was worth the money they patronized it very largely.

These magicians, as I have above told of them, must not be confused with the fortune tellers and necromancers who, prevailing in large numbers, are a serious detriment to modern advance by continuing ancient superstitions, particularly since their art is frequently hereditary as is that ofttimes of the Chinese physician. They are not all mere unkempt rascals such as are commonly noticed with their cabalistic charts before them in the busy streets of every Chinese city. They sometimes, by their personalities and their adroitness in handling their patrons, establish quite a local reputation for sooth-saying and enjoy large emoluments from the exercise of their calling. I remember one fellow at Nankin who, in a retired corner where the congenial sunshine of a winter's afternoon made his open air consultations comfortable and pleasant underneath a canopy of canvas, richly robed, immaculately barbered, leaning back with a sort of judicial dignity in his easy chair with his servants in awestricken attendance as the future of a prosperous looking patron was forecast. The patron, hanging upon every syllable of the necromancer with a couple of divining sticks in his hand, sat transfixed with attention as his fortune was cast in signs and characters upon the writing slate before him, while the accompanying

words of explanation were uttered solemnly and convincingly with wide and grandiloquent gestures. As the soothsayer, pausing in his rich elocution, happened to observe the presence of foreigners, he abruptly stopped, and with a low word to his patron, setting his features in a fixed expression rather of resignation than chagrin, politely lapsed into a reverie, entirely suspending the seance and erasing the inscriptions which covered the slate. As we passed away he immediately resumed the consultation, undoubtedly informing his client of his good fortune in having escaped the influence of foreign shadows falling upon his horoscope. A stringent law under severe penalties directed against these necromancers will eradicate much of the Chinese superstition in a decade, and they will soon descend to the innocuous level of our gypsy fortune tellers in Europe and America.

The practice of necromancy as well as what are known among us of the professions of medicine, ministry and dentistry are free and open to all without let or hindrance, the Chinese proceeding on the theory that if an avocational man doesn't know his business he can get no patrons and will, therefore, do no harm. Every turn in the road, however, brings spectacles of disease, which a few days' simple treatment with the proper washes or other medicine would greatly alleviate or entirely cure. The other day I saw a native dentist working away on a suffering woman's teeth, causing her undoubtedly great pain, when a simple antiseptic treatment would probably have been all she needed. The Chinese, from a modern standpoint, have no idea of prophylactics, and their comparative freedom from sickness in the filth and foulness of their daily surroundings is an unquestioned indication of their virility. Epidemics have never obtained the proportions here, all things considered, as in Europe during the medieval period. During the terrible cholera outbreak in the Philippines in 1902, few Chinese succumbed, for the Chinese tea drinking custom with its enforced

boiling of water as well as eating their food hot from the fire, make them immune from cholera as well as certain other intestinal complaints.

But in speaking of everyday China, let us know something of their food, for it is not the soupy, hashed-up stuff as is commonly believed. Although some of their favorite and principal dishes are made of fresh meats and vegetables sliced but not chopped, delicately flavored with spices or highly seasoned with peppers, according to taste, others of their most common dishes are made up of greaseless, roasted foods, among which their delicious sweet potato ranks high. What might be called the tub oven is a most efficient and economical means of roasting and baking at the same time, for the fuel expense in the preparation of a dish largely enters into the calculation of its expense. The tub oven consists of a large buoy shaped clay vessel, open at both ends, and standing upright reaching to the convenient height of the waist of the cook. The clay vessel is the oven, the tub being merely to protect, hold upright and insulate it to allow its convenient transportation by a coolie swinging it from his pole. A hole is cut into the side of the bottom for draft, and being placed in the direction of the wind, the slightest movement of which the native cook detects as readily as our American Indian, the draft fans, with the passing air, a bright and glowing fire in the charcoals on the floor of the vessel. Immediately about the fire are laid the unskinned sweet yam potatoes, and in the walls are fastened, by mere adhesion, cakes and flat biscuits of various kinds, the whole filling the air about, in the process of baking and roasting, with a most appetizing odor. A fine large sweet potato with its seasoning will cost half a cent, a biscuit another half cent, a bowl of noodles with meat another half copper which, with an abundance of tea for another half cent, will make up a splendid meal for two cents, unrivaled both in excellence of its raw products and preparation.

Upon the theory that there is more sickness caused by bathing than not bathing, the Chinese have another advantage over other nations, for they bathe less frequently perhaps than any other people. The Japanese bathe not alone for cleanliness but for the pleasurable warmth of the water. The Chinese, in spite of the exposure frequently of half their bodies while working in zero weather, have comparatively few colds. As I write I can look from the window upon a stream of coolies and rickshaw men, many of whom are barefooted in the snow and biting wind. No other nation can give such examples of endurance as these. Their vigor and robustness seem to be general in all parts of China, regardless of the stature. For the Chinese are lower statured in the south than in the north where six footers are commoner than with us. Nor do they seem to lose in dexterity as they gain in height. It is sometimes laughable to see a great, brawny Chinese waiter, his cue and broad gowned back making one think of some fabled race of giants. One of the world's champion boxers, and perhaps the most intelligent of them all, once told me that he believed that the best period of a man was between the ages of twenty-four and twenty-six. Assuming for the purpose of illustration that this statement is true, the Chinese have a great advantage over us, for they consider a man a boy in strength who is not thirty. Those who claim to know tell me that their best coolies are never less than thirty, and that their age doesn't seem to cut any figure after that. They simply keep on going until some final day they draw their wages and go home to die in the harness as it were. But upon these subjects it is very hard to get any information, owing to the fact that the white man has so little to do with the laboring class. To one who has spent any time in the Philippines where there is now an *entente cordiale* between the Chinese and the other races, where the Chino marries the native woman and where the white man takes him into his most intimate confidence, such a condi-

tion appears strange indeed. But it is a positive fact that the representation of our white race in China lives, even to the missionaries, entirely apart from the Chinese, except for formal meetings, commercial relations, educational association or domestic service. The general indifference of old residents and the whole foreign public generally, excepting the missionaries, to any interest in the Chinese which does not appeal to their pocket books is at times incomprehensible. Think of it! Europeans who are unloading thousands of pounds worth of products daily upon these people, and who have been here for a score and more of years living in ease and even luxury upon the large profits exacted, barely taking enough concern in their surroundings to observe the most common of the rules of politeness prevailing among them. How can the Chinese respect us when our race manifests such coarse and selfish indifference toward them? A little incident which I once observed from the window of my lodging will serve to illustrate the general attitude of our people toward the Chinese.

The heaviest snow of years having fallen in Shanghai, two young French school boys profited by the occasion to go out to play in the snow. From throwing balls at each other they finally asked an Italian barber standing near if it would be all right to throw snowballs at the Chinese passersby. The Italian barber not only indicated that it was proper, but packing some balls of snow himself commenced to aim them at a group of shivering rickshaw men who, some with their feet and legs entirely naked, were standing nearby in the ice and snow. To them the occasion was not particularly appropriate for the teasing, for they were standing keenly alert for prospective customers, and when the snow was thrown at them repeatedly, they all retired into a doorway except one who, also picking up some snow, concluded that he might as well join in the Christmas merriment and indication of the white man's good will. Being a lusty, dexterous young fellow, he warmed

to the sport of the unequal contest at short range of three against one in this strange international and allied forced duel, forgetting himself to the point of actually striking one of his opponents with a snowball, upon which with great affright at his temerity he took to his heels with the barber in pursuit, who finally caused his arrest. This is a case of sauce alone for the goose but not for the gander. The unfortunate Chinese was probably sentenced to a casual term at hard labor for assault, for European prestige must be maintained at all hazard of injustice.

The young lads, thus encouraged in their manly sport, continued to pelt all Chinese, regardless of age or sex, with their hard packed balls of snow until they finally became tired and the barefooted rickshaw men were freed from their tormentors.

This little example may indicate in a small measure something of our conduct toward these people. We have done the Chinese no intentional good but much deliberate harm. The only extenuation in our whole allied effort and attempt to oppress these people is found in the unappreciated but splendid work of our poorly supported missionaries. The white man's burden is a myth in China—a myth to excuse the wickedness of the opium traffic and commercial aggrandizement at the point of the gun. What good have we ever intentionally tried to do the Chinese beyond the missions? The whole history of the white race in China shows that our own selfish lust for China's wealth has gone to the greatest extreme that the cunning of diplomacy or the shedding of blood in armed force could attain. This arraignment I know is extreme, but from long observation in China I regret to conclude that it is justified.

We hear much said concerning the backwardness of China in accepting modern standards, as though that country were both ungrateful and unappreciative of the opportunity to assimilate western progress. Can China be blamed for such back-

wardness when it sees the kind of taskmasters who await with vulture-like eagerness to profit by the confusion resulting from the first trembling movement of such a gigantic nation, fixed and stationary upon a social foundation unchanged in centuries?

We have always treated the Chinese with contumely. Failing to understand him ourselves we blame him for not understanding and imitating us. With itching palms we survey the riches of his markets and try to devise means to possess them. We despise him when we should confide in him. But Chinese *rapprochement* is certain. We shall soon understand each other better.

On the occasions when your rambles are interrupted by the rain, take your position at some comfortable window opposite a tramstop on some street in the Foreign Settlement, leading up to the Chinese City and watch the stream of real motion pictures of which every figure becomes a tableau.

Note the many different customs, for the Chinese are as fond of variety as we, and have more independence in the gratification of their taste. Many years ago in the Straits Settlement, as I went with a holiday crowd to visit Johore, a party of young Englishmen laughed very rudely at a young Chinese matron brilliantly gowned in scarlet and imperial yellow, and made some coarse comment in criticism of her taste. Her delicate ivory complexion flushed at hearing the words which she was not supposed to be able to understand, and gathering her servants about her with a curious but proud heightening of her eyebrows, she walked away with a significant glance at the marmot and mouse colored tweeds of the young Englishmen. Undoubtedly she thought that the best rebuke to the insult was a polite indication of comparison between her own really beautiful costume—it was during the Chinese New Year—and the coarse and colorless cheap clothing of her deriders.

The Chinese always dress with appropriateness and with regard to their comfort, particularly in conformance with the demands of the weather. It is only on gala occasions that their women come out in light, bright colored materials. Nearly all their heavy clothes are in elegant subdued colors as with us, the linings and revers alone adding a touch of brightness to their costume.

And amid all the varieties of costume which you see passing before you, is it not surprising that there are so few uniforms? Our brass buttons and liveries are entirely lacking. The Chinese believe little in a meaningless outward display of semi-military uniforms. Never having been a military people they have no regard for such dress. A simple button or decoration on the top of the hat is generally enough indication of rank and authority under their keen observation.

And now from your window look at the types as they pass by bedraggled with the rain. The poor are particularly unfortunate as usual, for if they have shoes for their feet they perhaps will have no umbrella or waterproof. The sight of a rickshaw man, barelegged and barefooted, splashing through the cold slush, but with a new mackintosh over his shoulders, is common today, for that particular coolie, in common with thousands of his fellows, never seems to get enough money together at once to properly and entirely clothe himself. And yet the foreigners begrudge him a few cents extra as a tip for a rickshaw ride when they throw out their quarters and shillings very liberally among the serving class at home. Frequently the Chinese coolie has to stand for impositions even today in the concessions in the foreign treatment he receives that are indeed unjust. If he is struck and beaten by a foreigner he has frequently no redress, even though the assault may have been almost murderous, for the offense was committed in a foreign settlement where each foreigner mistakenly and too often believes that it is his duty to stand up for every other,

and where the foreign judges come to their decisions through the same erroneous impulse. Right is right, and if justice discriminates between men as members of different races there is no justice. Look at the difference between the Chinese treatment of the foreigner and the foreigner's treatment of the Chinese. I go about in their cities at will, regardless as to whether they are treaty ports or not. They accord me a kind and good natured treatment, and although in the remote parts their natural curiosity is sometimes annoying because of the crowds that quickly gather, they are always good natured, answering smile for smile. The Boxer outbreak was not a Chinese machination. It was the result of direct obedience to a Manchu order, promulgated by a vicious, bad woman whose ignorance and wickedness for one so high in power stands unparalleled in the world's history. The Boxers were originally never formed for any purpose save that of protest against the foreigners denying the Chinese in China the same rights which the Chinese accorded willingly and gladly to the foreigners. The Boxers go down in history with the recorded stigma of assassins. Some of them should be remembered as martyrs.

For years the European and American public discussed in eulogy and praise Li Hung Chang, whom they called the "Grand Old Man of China!" History has proven that Li Hung Chang was a traitor to his country, and much of the foreign aspersion of Chinese officials comes from the operations of that truckling, piratical school whose recognized head and master was Li Hung Chang.

Under such a betrayal of their interests, can we wonder at the indignant but patriotic outburst of the Chinese against the danger which threatened them?

Yes! By natural impulse the Chinese have shown themselves to be as large minded as we. Comparisons are always odious, and racial comparison offensive, and the thought of a white man admitting in any way the superiority of another race is with us almost a misdemeanor.

There is none of the yellow dog about the Chinese. They are thoroughbreds. For centuries the Chinese have had the custom of giving their daughters in marriage to well recommended strangers, the more distant and stranger the better. This is still the custom. The magnitude of their cities made this convenient and possible. The bride, with her new and different ideas, became an education to her husband, enlarging his mental horizon to new purposes of life. She, in her turn, found in this stranger man, her husband—whom she had never seen before she arrived at his home with her bed and clothing, for there is never any ceremony of marriage as with us among the Chinese, the bride being merely escorted to the house of the bridegroom—finds a wonderful world in his recital of his family associations, of his own ambition and aims in life. With us marriage is a mere question of sentiment and convenience; with the Chinese it is a means of reviving the sluggishness of an ancient race, and then besides there are no alimony hunters in China.

I do not defend the Chinese custom of marriage. For me there is only one marriage—that which, conceived in love and respect, is ended only by death itself. But last night as I was eating my dinner in a Shanghai hotel dining room, where a rich coal merchant, a Chinese, was presiding at a table with four wives—a very remarkable occurrence in public even in these reform days—my reflections led me to a more tolerant excuse for the doomed institution of secondary wives. His mother—to whom I was afterwards introduced—sat at one end of the table, he at the other. His primary wife sat to the left of the mother and the secondary wives occupied the intermediate positions. He looked like the precocious father of a grown family of daughters in his rich and voluminous folds of brocade and satin. The fingers of the mother were covered with diamonds; the wives had none. Every plate was passed to the old lady before any of the wives could partake

of it. When she spoke everyone stopped eating and listened. Her head was bald and she was bent with age, but she had the consideration of all at that table as though she were a young, beautiful, enthroned princess. When she finished they all promptly concluded their own meal and, followed by her son and his four wives, she proudly left the room.

Two years or even one year ago such a spectacle would have been impossible in this country. A Chinese never even speaks of his female relatives, of his mother, sister or wife. How wonderful to see them then coming now into public hotel dining rooms in this manner! And how more wonderful this ancient reverence for the mother. Even the polygamous relation was somewhat extenuated by the respect for that old decrepit woman.

Years ago in Salt Lake City I engaged in conversation with one of the apostles of the Mormon Church. He frankly discussed the tenets of his faith, and among other things said: "Yes, polygamy is a useful system because under it every man is held responsible for the misconduct of women. There can be no fallen women among us!" His assertion struck me with such ridicule that I could hardly suppress a laugh. The Chinese have no such silly excuse to give for their iniquitous practice of modified polygamy. They have the sounder and better reason, which in a small measure mitigates the wickedness and turpitude of the custom, the consideration of the family and its perpetuation as a part of the greater family, the tribe in which all are subject to the certain authority of wisdom as obtained by age.

And before we go back to the window again, let me say a few words more about what I said concerning the Chinese quality of being a thoroughbred. In America we boast frequently of our melting-pot and the excellent quality of racial metal which its fused mixture is bringing us. The British, Germans, Latins, the new strange peoples of the Balkan States,

the Finns, Greeks, and all the other nations of the earth brought together in one common race! How strong and wonderful it must eventually appear by the very force of its admixture! Such is frequently the popular rhapsody. The truth really is that from homogeneous crossings alone can racial development in man be perfected. As a young lawyer commencing his practice in the criminal courts of Chicago, I was surprised to find that the majority of my clients who were guilty were the offspring of widely divergent nationalities, and I became convinced that the melting-pot theory of racial benefit was an hallucination.

The Jews are to us in Europe and America what the Chinese are to the world, a strong, virile, well developed race whose long intermingling admixture has improved rather than impaired the individual virility of its members. The Chinese, with the Jews, are the only pure races on the globe today. With purity of race comes that tenacity and vigor which defies the ravages of war and surmounts every obstacle placed in the road of its eventual progress. Destroy every semblance of Chinese autonomy and they will still prosper and increase in power and multiply in numbers just as they have done in the United States, even in spite of the most radical exclusive and disfranchising laws history has ever known. Like the Jews, mere political organization is not much of a hindrance to their steady development even when used as a machine of persecution against them. The Chinese are too pure a race to be dependent upon the casual vicissitudes of politics. There is a great chance that they will eventually and for a long time control the world by the very tenacity of their racial instincts.

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE YANGTSE TO PEKING

Pukow, the new railway terminus opposite Nankin, gives the same impression of great possibilities that many other railway-made towns in China now indicate and which have been touched in the wilderness of their desolation by the magic wand of modern transportation.

With readjusted laws of land conveyancing, their local town booms under the clever management of real estate agents and promoters, a class which does not as yet exist in China, but which will when eventually organized repeat the wonderful work and obtain even larger profits than have the well rewarded thousands of land owners and agents in America. Some of the largest fortunes of the new China will be made out of the rapid increment of land values, and the forebears of many a future Chinese millionaire are now plodding behind primitive ploughs over worn-out land which some day will become the site of villages and cities.

Pukow is now only an agglomeration of miserable mat hovels, the quarters of the railway coolies. The long white line of the engineer's messes and lodgings loom up in the foggy December morning as we stand amid the huge piles of bagged rice and soya beans, with the lines of cars covered with the frost which will rapidly disappear under the warmth of the rising sun. The shimmering Yangtse is wonderfully wide with its broad expanse covered with junks, merchant ships and foreign men-of-war and with great landing hulks of dismantled vessels on the Nankin side.

As the fog disperses we look with delight upon the purple hills, almost unnatural in their deep brilliancy as their color deepens with the advance of the sun.

There was only an express train twice a week between

Pukow and Tientsin, and as this did not allow any chance for sightseeing, even against the advice of our friends we took the local train which jogged along in a sort of a jerk-water fashion during the day hours and then as it were tied up for the night. The rolling stock of the railway had been very badly used by the soldiers transported during the Revolution. The windows and doors in our first class compartment were so poorly fitted, allowing draughts to blow through unmercifully, that we made frequent visits to the second class compartments to warm ourselves up between intervals of shivering. These visits greatly added to the interest of the voyage, and coming and going we were always greeted by the most cordial and good natured curiosity. A young Chinese engineer, whom hardly anyone would have taken for an Asiatic in his European tweed and fashionable haberdashery, carrying a crop, took great pleasure in showing us the points of interest as we were going along. Crowning the hillside to the right was the inevitable pagoda, while beyond stretched the plains on towards the empurpled mountains of the distance.

Great commotion of earnest talking in one part of the car aroused our interest. A Chinese passenger with a third class ticket concluded that as the third class was crowded he was entitled to ride second class. So with his baskets and bundles he comfortably ensconced himself, only to have his dream of ease disturbed by the guards. The fellow put up such a good argument concerning the injustice of letting the second class go vacant when the third class did not give sufficient accommodation that he consumed about an hour in his defense which, although admitting the technical correctness of the guard's position, elegantly dwelt upon the natural justice of his right to ride second class. Finally, in the midst of the argument, the fellow got up and with superb dignity stalked back to the third class, evidently with a very contemptuous estimate of railway order.

The Chinese are very susceptible to plausible argument which appeals to their natural sense of justice. When the bombs were thrown at Yuan Shih-K'ai at Tientsin the soldiers immediately made a number of arrests in the vicinity of the bomb throwing, among them being a Chinese, undoubtedly one of the real culprits, who, loudly complaining against his arrest, asked them what proof they had to warrant such action.

"I have no bomb," said he. "Why don't you search for those who have some of the guilty instruments in their possession?"

The fellow was so eloquent with this and other arguments that the guards, in the excitement of the moment, released him. Of course he had no bomb because he had thrown his.

At one of the stations as we rode along, I noticed the ludicrous spectacle of some soldiers marching a prisoner toward the guard car. The prisoner, who had no towchang, had his tousled long hair very neatly plaited into the end of the rope with which the guards restrained him. Someone in the crowd laughingly remarked:

"Now you know why the Manchu made us wear the queue. They made us carry our own rope to hold and strangle us with," and they all laughed, even the prisoner as he was bundled into the guard coach probably on his way to death.

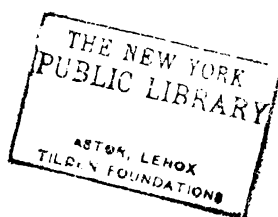
Wherever the railroad has made a cut, cones of dirt are left to show the depth of the excavation as a standing record of measurement, a wise precaution which shows how new China is trying to break away from the squeeze of extortionate contract work.

A large part of the country through which we passed after leaving Pukow is subject to those discouraging inundations which have been the scourge of China since its earliest history. These people can indeed sympathize with at least one part of the Old Testament—the narration of Noah's Flood—for annihilating and devastating floods form a part of every generation



*A common road bridge.
Boys who do men's work on baby rations.*

*A glimpse of China—fair even in winter.
Their first aeroplane.*



of their history. Certain Christian biblical historians find, in the great flood which was recorded in the reign of Shun, a recital of Noah's Flood nearly four thousand years ago.

The day, still distant and removed, but nevertheless certain, will surely come when all the surplus waters of China will prove her blessing rather than her scourge, and rivers flowing through deserts, too deep in their channels to serve for irrigation, will be eventually engineered to the lasting benefit and further enrichment of China.

The Chinese farmer's life looks much more wholesome than that of his brother in the city, although the farmer's surroundings are far from being what they should be. His house, out-buildings and farm yards are all enclosed in a high wall of roughly hewn stone, filled and plastered with clay. The buildings are built low of the same material, adobe in appearance, thatched with straw, frequently joined in a workmanlike, neat fashion at the outside edges with a sort of a ridge trimming of plaster trimly set.

His life and that of his family is a very hard one, much of the labor which could be saved by modern farm implements being crudely and painfully performed with the help of the rudest tools. There is a great scarcity of beasts of burden. The picture of a farmer with a donkey yoked to a bullock trying to carry his produce over an almost impassable road in a large wheelbarrow, the donkey pulling one way and the bullock another, while he strains every nerve and muscle to keep the wheelbarrow upright, is a common and laughable feature in the provinces. His recourse to the most sulphurous profanity would seem justified and a comparatively virtuous indulgence on such occasions.

The fields, beautifully cultivated with all the finished effect which only hand labor can procure, are frequently broken by a family cemetery with its rows of mounds, the highest wall being that of the chief ancestor with a circular ridge for

Feng Sui. The whole is evenly marked as a geometrical design. Up to these graves the farmer cultivates as nearly as he can without disrespect to the dead.

Under the hard conditions of his surroundings it is little wonder that to increase the number of workers the boys are married off when very young to bring another working adult into the family in the struggle for existence.

Nganhui and Kiangsu Provinces particularly partake of China's characteristic of tree barrenness, but the monotony of the plains is broken by the variety of the color of the soil which, by its composition and the refraction of light, brings out the terra cotta, mahogany or rich brown with stretches of purple, and even here and there a patch of chalky white in those seasons of the year when the lands are mostly bare of the vivid green of the growing crops. Over the fields pass the indigo colored gowns of the farmers and their family, busy even in the winter time with the precious soil to which they look gratefully for their subsistence. All Chinese farmers seem to be truck gardeners as well. I have looked with wonder on many an acre of crisp salad plants growing up out of the apparently frozen soil.

These blue gowns are in every shade of light royal and dark navy, the faded light blue and the fresh color of the new garments contrasting beautifully upon the newly tilled fields or the occasionally flaming green of a winter growth.

The lot of the farmer is so hard that history repeats itself here as elsewhere, in that the sons leave their farm homes for work in the cities. Railway building is a blessing to them. We look with interest at the gangs of coolies who, for ten cents gold daily, perform ten hours of hard labor. It was Sunday to us but no Sunday to them. Time is too precious to the Chinese and the machinery of their lives too complicated with demands to admit of Sunday. Only twice during the lunar month, at its beginning and at full moon, certain of the

hardest worked crafts, by the sheer necessity of their fatigue, take a holiday, but the mercantile life rolls on as usual, and it is only at New Year that a vacation is indulged in to balance accounts and recreate in family reunions and assemblings.

In their patched gowns of blue, their bare legs and feet red with the blustering wind, the coolies frequently make a pathetic picture. But they are never sorry for themselves. With all their hardships they smile and show their white clean teeth in a perfect exuberance of good nature. The commonest coolie cleans his teeth twice daily. It is the one indulgence in cleanliness of which even their most indigent poverty cannot deprive them.

They perform their labor with lighter tools than we, with longer handles for the leverage, and they work correspondingly quicker. They do not use the wheelbarrow for carrying earth or heavy material as we. In its place they employ light bowls and small baskets swung from the shoulders. Each coolie works largely for himself and to himself. There is little gang direction. Each worker merely follows along in the endless human chain until the task is completed by their common effort. Every individual, however, is jealous of his right to use his own intelligence in the manner of his endeavor.

In India's capital even, I have seen women earth carriers on the government contract work of the Qutab Minar cruelly lashed into line by the overseers, a thing which would be impossible in China.

In Canton I watched one of these strange river tread-wheel boats. Although the coolie treaders kept step as they rose up from one tread to another, there was none of that deadlock stamp in their work which we boastfully call discipline. One of the most hopeful assurances in China's rapid progress is found in the independence and intelligence of its enormous laboring classes who, never having been enslaved by feudalism nor

dominated by the depressing influence of a profligate nobility or domineering aristocracy, preserve their self-respect and manhood more than any other Oriental nation.

At times the country seems strangely like the Nebraskan and other Western and recently preempted plains, but the fields are in smaller patches and separated by ridges of unploughed land instead of fences. Here and there we may perhaps see a beautifully arched stone bridge standing in the midst of cultivated land with no road leading to or from it; no water course beneath it, a strange emblem of some long bygone day. In a few places there are stone monuments of men and animals larger than life and sometimes inscribed pillars upon a tortoise base likewise standing in the midst of the otherwise vacant fields.

One of the most pleasing reflections of the voyage on this railway passing through the three provinces of Nganhui, Kiangsu and Shantung, is that few women are to be found doing coolie labor as in other Oriental countries. During my several visits to Japan I saw perhaps a hundredfold more of coolie women laborers than in China. Even in some parts of Europe, particularly in the Balkan States, I have seen more women laborers than among the Chinese.

But the sad sight of a decrepit old woman, whose patched rags hardly cover her shriveled limbs, begging in a plaintive voice with shrunk arm outstretched as she balances herself on her hoof-like distorted stumps of bound feet by the aid of her cane, is unfortunately ever frequent. Some of them, too proud to beg, peddle cakes and pickled eggs of a foreboding green color or crackling fritters fresh from the griddle.

But the distress at the sight of these unfortunate women is overcome by looking at their more fortunate sisters in the coaches. One of them, a fine featured young woman with a beautiful babe, presses upon us presents of thorn dates with millet and small sugared apples. All the women in the car evince

a lively interest in us, particularly in my wife. One young woman who, with her livid painted face to the window and her trousers drawn tight, however, sleeps on unconscious of the grotesque picture she offers to us until she is finally awakened to join in the jollity with the Occidentals, smilingly taking the elaborate silver pipe tendered her by her maid and drawing a few diminutive puffs while absorbing the novelty of our appearance with pleasure. They are all delighted with the books we show them.

Every passenger has his pot of tea replenished from time to time, and steaming towels are passed out by the train boy to refresh by wiping the face and hands, an indulgence in which we found no favor. We practiced our Mandarin Chinese and, far from being amused at our mistakes, they entered very heartily into the role of an instructor from our conversation book.

How curious this coach interior! New found friends coming and going with every station! Women with trousers! Men with skirts! The painted faces of girls and women in a circle with the beardless faces of men, all friendly and courteous. As they would leave at the different stations, in sedan chairs or strolling away with groups of friends, sometimes they would pause to wave us a good-bye. "Mountains cannot meet, but men must meet," sang the old Persian poet, and traveling in good natured China frequently suggests this verse.

At the noon hour we went into the dining car where we were disappointed in having none but European dishes, the delicious Chinese food being entirely lacking, even to the sauce which to them generally takes the place of the salt and pepper. When I asked for some of it the waiter proudly told me that their food was all European and produced a bottle of Worcestershire sauce in the place of the desired Chinese article. We were passing through a wonderful game country where duck and heron frequently speckled the sky. The poor farmer, how-

ever, cannot replenish his larder from the abundance of these fowl, since he is not allowed to possess firearms and has little time to attend to his primitive traps. Herons were served, heads, bills and all, but so great was our pleasure in watching these beautiful birds that we hadn't the heart nor the appetite to pick out what little flesh there was on their slender bodies.

After tiring of the loneliness of our first class coach we again returned to the second class where we noticed a fine looking military cadet, very proud of his long sword, immaculately uniformed with tassels and spotless white gloves. After awhile the janitor of the car, whose chief duty was to attend to the fires, came along and, throwing himself on the double seat by the cadet, was soon lost in sleep. The relaxation of his limbs as he slept crowded the cadet, who indignantly awoke him to call his attention to the unjustifiable trespass.

Without any show of anger the awakened porter gave a contemptuous look at the soldier and then readjusted his position even a little closer to him, and again went to sleep.

Why not? He was tired with his labor! The cadet was in no need of rest and if he did not respect labor enough to move to another seat it was time that he learned. So under the pretense of being asleep the porter finally crowded his long limbs over against the soldier until, with his sword, white gloves and all, he was forced to leave the seats to the grimy porter who, with his mouth open and clutching a monkey wrench in his dirty hand, spread himself out in languid ease with a satisfied yawn.

As a child I remember someone saying that all Chinese look alike. They only look alike until one is really familiar with the racial types, when they show as much individuality in features and personality as we ourselves. I remember my first impressions of the native Annamites in French Indo-China, whose sex at first I could not determine since both sexes dress and wear their hair alike. It was only a short time, however, before

I could readily distinguish between them, regardless of their similarity of clothing and hairdress. So it is with the Chinese in a measure, for the monotonous sameness of the hair arrangement of both sexes, although different for each sex, and the lack of variety in the cut and color of garments, make their types at first appear somewhat confusing.

The so-called oblique eyes, considered a characteristic of the Chinese race, is not at all unvarying and pronounced. Sitting in a car where you can study their faces, you would be surprised at the number of types approaching ours. As a general rule they have, however, eyes very brown or black and set bead-like in their sockets and not frequently sunken as with us, but set out on a line with their straight foreheads and with less eyebrows and lashes than with the white race.

But this type is not always fixed. I have seen rickshaw men whose thin features and eyes deep sunk with fatigue made them into something of our type. European clothes cause them to lose much of their supposed great difference from us. Many Chinese women in European clothes would pass in Europe for handsome brunettes, for the possibilities of hair arrangement give women more opportunities to approach certain of our types than men. It is, however, surprising how many Chinese soldiers would be mistaken for European soldiers by their pronounced features alone. Eventually they will more nearly resemble us than the Japanese, for their proportions of body and stature are more similar to ours.

The study of the disappearance of the queue is interesting. Wherever the Revolution has made itself felt the *towchang* has disappeared. Europeans who are anti-Republican occasionally encourage their servants to keep their *towchang*, and I know of one who foolishly considered it a personal affront to himself when some revolutionary soldiers seized his servant and cut off his queue. We found few *towchangs* in Nankin, but as we got farther away from the Yangtse there was hardly a

queueless head to be found outside of the soldier's ranks. A Mandarin got on at a station in Nganhui Province, he and all of his guards wearing queues. When I spoke to him of his queue he laughed and merely said that the change of custom had not reached his part of China yet. In Peking, even a year after the Revolution, and in spite of both Republican and Manchu being against its wearing, hardly one out of ten among civilians had cut off his *towchang*. The Chinese, with their usual caution, believe that it is easier to keep a *towchang* than to grow a new one, but with a year or so more of *de facto* test of the Republican government the Manchu emblem of submission will disappear.

When we think that the Chinese have worn the queue since the days of American Colonial witchcraft hanging, and that it has been during all that time the badge of civil respectability of which the person convicted of misdemeanor was immediately deprived as a part of his punishment, we can readily understand how reluctant some Chinese are to part with it until indeed satisfied that the new order of government will protect them in its loss.

Early in the evening we arrived at Suchefu, where the train stopped for the night. The gloomy prospect of having to spend the long, tedious wait on the earthen floor of some Chinese inn was banished by the appearance of a sleeping car which, warmed and immaculate, had been side-tracked for the accommodation of travelers.

About Suchefu spreads the usual winter landscape of that part of China—bare, brown and gray hills and plains, with hardly a tree to break the expanse of vacant farm land between the railroad station and the high wall of the city which, in a long unbroken line, rose up in the cold dawn over the gloomy plain now so easily invaded by the railroad after an eternity of isolation. Above the walls appear the form of hills within the city, surmounted Chinese-like by pagodas, one standing as

a sentinel alone upon its eminence, reminding me of the loneliness of an abandoned castle crag such as I have seen on long rambles in Southern Spain. The other pagoda is a part of a group of buildings, about which trees spread their branches, the whole making a very pretty picture even in winter time. The steeples of a large church, together with the spreading roofs of the city gates, complete and enclose the extent of Suchefu which, like many Chinese cities, is more lovely when viewed from without than when closely inspected within, as it lies in the plain with the abrupt purpled mountains, pin-nacled and mirage like, forming a background in the far distance.

We started off on our second day's journey with the water frozen in the wash basin and the floor slippery with icy mopping. About noon we inquired as to prospects of obtaining food and were told that the excellent dining car of the day before had been left behind, but that we could obtain our luncheon in the improvised diner attached for that purpose.

In my visits to nearly every principal country on the globe I have had some rather interesting experiences with things I have eaten and with places where I have eaten them, but as an unusual and exciting experience I believe that my attempt to provide my wife with a meal in this improvised dining car will ever stand out foremost in my recollection.

With appetites whetted sharp by the keen air we repaired to the so-called dining car, which evidently during the Revolution had been used as a sort of an ambulatory officer's mess. It was a mere steel freight truck, roughly mounted without springs, compared with the motion of which a lumber wagon going over a pile of cobble-stones would be poetry itself. Some windows in ill-fitting frames had been set into the sides of this freight car, and a couple of loose sliding doors placed at either end. The noise made by this peculiarly adapted car was as deafening as the rattle of a rolling mill. Guiding our-

selves by hanging onto the tables, riveted ship-like to the floor, we reached the places assigned to us where fresh linen was the only sign of preparation for the meal. We soon understood why no further service was set, for as soon as the plates, knives and forks were laid upon the table there commenced such a devil's dance among them that we had all we could do to keep them from jumping away, the oil and vinegar cruets fairly leaping out of their holders. A boy was detailed to hold the articles down, and we proceeded to "enjoy" our meal as best we could, yelling out our needs to the waiter at the top of our voices but hardly piercing the roaring confusion about us, stabbing with knives, spearing with forks, grasping at this dish and then at another, as the car lurched from side to side, dashing madly onward like a doomed ship in the clutch of a storm. Amid all this pandemonium the cook, from his galley in the corner of the car with an assistant to keep his pots and pans together, imperturbably and smilingly watched the progress of our meal, a great joint of beef banging back and forth over his head, while occasionally boiling water would splash from the kettle which his assistant held in its place with a poker. We had to finally give up in despair to wait for the next stop. While waiting, however, we were informed that the car might be taken off at the following station, so with renewed courage we bravely tackled the omelet served us which finally, in spite of all our precautions, in a sudden lurch of the car spilled out over our clothes closely followed by the butter and condiment dishes. After this we decided that we had had enough, and steadied our way back in a dazed, bewildered condition, glad to get out of the tumultuous riot of our surroundings.

Wheelbarrows with their passenger seats covered with cloth in festive style and a beautiful sedan chair lined with high grade ermine attracted our attention at Chincifu. The wealthy Chinese revel in the fur of the ermine which is only white

upon the animal itself in winter time. At this station we also saw great quantities of potted plants, flowers and dwarfed trees in large earthenware pots. Above the walls of the city appears an interesting pagoda, the large stories below being duplicated by smaller ones above.

The day, though bitterly cold, was sunny and clear, and we eagerly awaited our approach to the pilgrimage haunt of Taichan, the most ancient and renowned of all Chinese sacred hills and enwrapped in the mantling traditions of all three of Cathay's predominating beliefs, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, with its Ling-yen-ssu monastery of the Divine Cliff.

The mountains stretched out around and about us like a huge lizard-shaped dragon—the national emblem of China—and which, hard to understand, holds a place in the minds of the superstitious. The fabled monster form changed its contour and position in the distance as we approached it. While the train stopped and the engine went some distance for water, we had a precious twenty minutes to inspect the mountain and to find out whether there were suitable inn accommodations to remain.

A large splendid railway station was nearing completion. The town itself could not be seen from the spot on which we stood, nor that part of the mountain where the temples most abound, but as we looked up at the solid mass of Taichan we wondered at its sphynx-like face looking out over the fertile plain; a strange fantastic mass, cleft and ridged with the courses of those wild torrents that, to the play of lightning's flash and the accompaniment of the thunder's roll, pour down over the bald head and naked form of the rock mountain as it alone stood supreme in the midst of those terrible displays of nature, striking terror to the hearts of the simple primitive herders who, centuries before the dawn of our civilization, pastured their sheep beneath the shadow of that portentous creation of nature. Can we wonder that those simple folk,

trying to pierce the mysteries of the unknown, should take this grim mountain and accept it as the eternal abode of the Divine? Strata pinnacles, fantastic crags, grotesque shapes, which in the starry nights took on the appearance of spirit forms and in the glare of day sullen and foreboding, loomed out with beetling brows upon the awe-stricken herders beneath. Black and foreboding, confused in jumbled shapes of dark recesses into which the gleam of the radiant sun but cast a deeper shadow; seared and scarred as though it were eternally washed by the mighty unrelenting waves of some spirit sea, can we not understand that, sublime and unchanged in its giant form in the strange "mountain philosophy" of China, it partook of the supernatural and became an object of reverence to the simple folk of ages passed away?

From the cluster of mud plastered homes at its base we look up the sheer precipice of rugged rock, so high that a man on the summit would pass as an unnoticed speck. What superstitions have been born and given to the world in the tales of the dwellers in these humble huts of generations past, as in their rude fancy were woven the tales of their mountain idols! Taoism becomes more comprehensible as we stand beneath Taichan.

I found that adequate accommodation for my wife could not be had at Taichan, so we continued our journey on through Shantung Province, whose latest cause of political conspicuity comes from its having originated the Ikhetuans or Boxers, arriving at Tsi-nan-fu very late and very cold. Much fatigued we followed our baggage over the viaduct out into a perfect pandemonium of creaky wheelbarrows which, in the bitter cold air with a hundred rickshaw lights throwing their shadows, produced a strange impression. One wheelbarrow loaded down heavy with the bulk of an enormous Chinese on one side and the equally heavy and bulky burden of his baggage on the other, got directly before us as the wheelbarrow coolie strained

from one side to another in an effort to balance his quarter ton load. Suddenly a heavy thud was heard, and down went the human side of the wheelbarrow with all his bags and boxes showered upon him, while the poor coolie stood a picture of despair at the thought of having caused such a mishap. The roars of laughter which came from all sides could be heard even above the unearthly creaking of the wheels.

We went to one of the two German hotels in Tsi-nan-fu, where we were soon seated at dinner with a graphophone playing "to cheer things up" as the landlord's wife described it. At the table next to us sat a couple whom I at first thought to be a wealthy Chinese lad and his tutor. As the meal progressed, however, my attention was called to the small bound feet beneath the table and the diamonded fingers, when I immediately knew that the "lad" really was a modern Chinese wife, taking dinner *à la Européenne*.

There was a party of card players, German merchants, to whom we said good-night upon going to bed. When we came out the next morning about four o'clock to catch the train for our third day's journey we found them still seated in their original positions. They told me they did not get together very often, but when they did they always played all night.

Leaving Tsi-nan-fu we passed an occasional tall chimney, left from the kilns built for making brick for the adjacent station and other railway buildings, it actually being cheaper to build a brick kiln and manufacture brick on the spot than to transport it. Such an apparent waste of labor in constructing these tall chimneys would seem strange indeed in any other country except China, where labor is cheap and artisans plentiful and expert.

At Sang Yan we enjoyed greatly the unusual sight of trees, greenly vivid over the wall on the brown plains which in the distance made us think of the flat plateau of Central Spain. As we proceeded to Tientsin the white soda lands in-

creased in area. We arrived there late at night, and in the biting cold went through the well built foreign quarter to the excellent hotel where, with both steam heat and a chimney fireplace as well, we soon regained some of our traveler's enthusiasm.

Dreadful tales were told us of the Revolutionary and Manchu looting of a few months previous, of decapitated bodies lying by scores along the principal thoroughfare and other conditions too sad to repeat.

From the clean pleasant surroundings of the foreign settlement we ventured into Chinese Tientsin, where the usual condition of squalor and dirt prevailed. The fine tramways system of the city is practically unavailable to foreigners because of there being only one class cars which, as they pass, look very uninviting indeed.

There is little to attract the tourist in Tientsin outside of the international life to be seen in the foreign settlements with their representations of soldiers.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VULTURE DRAGON CAPITAL

Peking makes me think of the picture of the vulture dragon breathing in the highest winds of the heavens and drinking up the deepest waters of the sea with a never satisfied and ever unappeasable thirst and voracity.

Stretched out upon the Northern Plain in the provincial setting of Chihli, in the midst of the dreary surrounding expanse only broken by gaunt-ribbed mountains, Peking has during the centuries looked out as a vulture dragon over the whole expanse of China, ever discerning an easy prey in the great toiling millions of the fertile lands beyond who, in their turn, looked back towards the great mystery of the winged monster and satisfied its demands to the utmost limit of their strength.

Peking during the restless period of modern progress was the incubus which, hanging over China, concealed as in a pall the light of progress. The great northern capital in the greed and avarice of the governing classes absorbed the surplus wealth of China, holding millions of its subjects in the inexorable grip of poverty. China poured its wealth into Peking and received nothing in return. The jeweled fingers of the Mandarinate were ever outheld to obtain more from the suffering poor. Everything went into Peking. Nothing came out. The extravagance of the officials became, towards the end of the Manchu Dynasty, a matter of comment even amongst themselves.

And of all the money wasted there is but little to be seen in the public exterior of Peking today. The money was squandered in the eat-drink-and-be-merry spirit of the time behind gilded walls in the secrecy of which the Manchu

Mandarinate, wheedled by eunuchs, blandished by flower girls and riotous in vice and corruption, sank still lower and lower in the very spirit of its own self-contempt. The public buildings of China's capital are not commensurate nor worthy of a city which for centuries has been the political center of the largest nation of the world. As the years rolled along the city shriveled up within its walls, like some strange animal fearful of a blow which was to be struck at it.

Yet as we go about through these lines of streets and pass from one enormous gateway to another of these tremendous walls enclosing thousands of acres of vacant, unproductive land, the uncanniness of the city grows upon us and it seems as we view it from some eminence as it lies stretched out before us in all its wonderful detail, to have now become the mere dismembered remains of that figurative monster, the dragon vulture of our fancy, whose power of evil is at last ended. To one who is acquainted with other Chinese cities there is something very un-Chinese in Peking which speaks of those bygone ages of the North and their generations who have left the imprint of their existence upon these people we see about us. There is something in it all that takes our thoughts back to the reaches of the farther Northland.

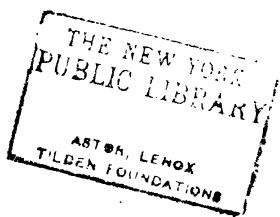
There is but little of that prosperous crowded condition to be expected of all Chinese cities, for the struggle for existence is hard in Peking, since it was not selected by reason of natural advantages but rather by the mere caprice of the dragon vulture.

However, from a sanitary condition, the streets are better than those of any other Chinese city. They are wide and from the new main arteries appear vacant and deserted. In the Imperial City you can walk for hours about the Grand Dame Road between houses whose doors rarely open and where all is wrapped in a pastoral silence, only broken by an occasional wheel or footfall. Within the walls the distances are great,



Just one of the towers about Peking.

A glimpse of Peking's Wall.



and a long walk hardly suffices to bring one from one point of interest to another.

The legation quarter also partakes of this measure of grand distances and of the spaciousness, the desertion and vastness of the city self. Great walls, wide avenues and vistas of palatial residences hold the attention on all sides. But there is little life about them. Some of these legations, built from Chinese indemnity money, have barely enough trade with China to pay altogether the mere maintenance of their palatial homes. Everything is grand about them as befits these centers of international intercourse and dignity. An occasional movement of a squad of troops, the exchange of a guard—and then only the restless walk of the sentry as here and there he can be heard pacing his post along the wide streets of this strange quarter—are almost the only sounds to break the silence.

There are few indications of foreigners in Peking. Outside of the legation quarter the Chinese still regard them somewhat curiously. Only a few tourists come from day to day and there are less than a hundred or so permanent residents outside of the missionaries and the legations. The corridors of the only two European hotels are more or less vacant, except at the meal hours when the slight show of activity is soon lost.

In a capital as ancient as Peking one would expect to find more literacy among its residents than I actually did by the following test, although, of course, the test is casual and entirely conjectural. I had the Chinese written characters for certain objects of interest that I wished to visit, and then as I wandered about the streets I would show a certain character to any passing Chinese who bore the appearance of being literate. When a direction was asked in a store, someone was always found who could read, but out on the open street I was surprised to find the small percentage who understood the characters. Of course Peking has now an increasingly large provincial population and the test is by no means a fair one

or at all conclusive, except in a very casual way, but demonstrated that the reasonable estimate of one out of every twenty Chinese males being able to read is barely the average in Peking. Instead of having that alertness and vivacity that generally characterized the prominent residents of capital cities, they seem unused to the cosmopolitan manners that go with a great city. Even in their theatres there is little to show the polish that government centers are supposed to give. Upon my first visit to the leading Peking theatre I asked our guide about the steaming towels which were flying through the air from balconies to pit, and with which the people were wiping their faces. Instead of merely giving the explanation that the towels were used to refresh the face and hands, the guide responded, "Velly sleepy people. They use towels to keep awake." Whether this was a reflection on the audience or the actors I did not take the pains to inquire.

Not only are the streets vacant and deserted, but the people themselves look provincial and easily abashed. But their language is soft and subdued and very musical. However, Peking is a quiet and a very pleasant city in many respects, but with none of the animation and vehemence in the busiest thoroughfare which speaks of the great city. In only one respect do the people throw off their mantle of countrified restraint, and that is when they are after money. By long familiarity and imitation under the influence of the dragon vulture, they at times appear to become obsessed with the passion for lucre. Particularly the priests and custodians of the temples allow no equal in their persistence in demanding money. They also have their system of the squeeze. Every door and entrance is barred, so that under the semblance of having authority and doing a service as many exactions as possible can be made.

In the Llama temple I half seriously called the attention of a comical sort of insatiate attendant to a sign which stated that no gratuities should be given by visitors. With a great

show of confidence he then proceeded to eloquently interpret the sign, declaring that it only meant visitors *outside* the temple, not inside. I gravely asked him if that was the way Chinese laws and orders were interpreted, and he responded in the affirmative, grinning very broadly as he hurriedly pocketed the coin I gave him. Yes, even the meanest of Peking's beggars have learnt some of the cunning of the dragon vulture. The whole city is galvanized with an electric impulse to get something for nothing.

And why not? Peking was the Mecca of those seeking easy money. The Manchus could pour, as water through a sieve, the golden stream that from every part of China flowed into Peking, and still it would come—come from those toiling millions. Money so easily acquired was, of course, easily spent. The wildest of money wasting schemes were proposed and often accepted by the Manchu reigning families. Their easily acquired wealth was dissipated among their retainers who appropriated it as they wished. The late Dowager Empress, being shown a handsome imported mirror, said: "Let us import no more of these. Let us make them ourselves." Her followers saw here a chance for graft; they immediately prepared elaborate plans and designs. She delivered to them three million Haikwan taels for construction work and gave them a factory site worth a million dollars. Within a few months the money was gone with absolutely nothing to show for it, and the building site had been mortgaged to the extent of its borrowing capacity. When Tzean would ask about progress on the factory she was told that everything was progressing, but some time yet was needed to get things really started. Poor old vicious woman. The sweat-bathed money of the poor was such a common thing to her that she really did not have time to keep track of all the inroads and outlets made on the abundant coffers perennially supplied by the faithful to the unfeeling Manchus. Foreign jewels were bought by her and

the rest of the reigning family in foolish extravagance at extortionate prices. Peking was filled with designing persons of all nations whose palms itched for some of the reported easily acquired Manchu money.

But for outward evidences of the lavish spending of money today, one looks in vain. Much of the private personal wealth was, during the anti-Manchu Revolution, taken to Shanghai, Tsingtau, Tientsin and other foreign ports where the wealthy Manchus sought and found protection. Within the forbidden city there will be shown eventually to the public much of the rare and costly. In the Summer Palace I gazed in wonder on the miles of marble balustrades and the rich profusion of bronzes, including one dainty little temple entirely of that metal. The exhibition of costly porcelain roofs and facades was fascinating. Undoubtedly the ultimate display of the forbidden city, although a mere bagatelle value of the millions squandered, will prove equally wonderful. After the destruction of the Chinese fleet in the war with Japan, a very large sum of money was subscribed by the patriotic masses and forwarded to Peking for a naval fund. No accounting was ever made of this fund which vanished shortly after its arrival at Peking, but a small part of which, it is presumed, went into the reconstruction of the Summer Palace.

I approached the Temple and Altar of Heaven with high hopes of a great display of architectural beauty. Although they are indeed wonderful, by reason of the generous disposition of large wooded spaces about them, their cost as well as that of all the public monuments in Peking in comparison with the large sums which were otherwise lavishly spent seems insignificant. A few weeks of the Imperial income, if properly spent, would have covered the cost of the construction of the Altar of Heaven. The few pagodas and temples scattered about at great distances in the skeleton city reflect but little idea of the munificent income exacted by the Imperial house.

But with the disappointment in going about Peking, there is wonder in it all. The street life is distinct from other Chinese cities. As I have before said, it is indeed a city of grand and magnificent distances, for the main thoroughfares are as wide as a good ship's length, with an open sewer in the middle to carry away the excess of the rain draining from such an area. The dust is bad, particularly in winter, when city sweepers are continually throwing water from their baskets which, freezing as soon as it falls, is shortly ground up into an icy dust which the wind again blows about in a frozen storm of ice and dirt.

The water is conserved in cisterns with stone tops pierced with two or three small openings to allow the water to be drawn up into water baskets. It is then carried in curious wooden tanks on either side of a wheelbarrow to the place of its use. Carriages drawn by stocky Manchurian ponies, with a footman on the rumble of the vehicle, rattle around between the lines of rickshaws and pedestrians. Files of camels are so common as to attract but little attention from the tourist after the first day or so. These magnificent animals require only a single driver or leader who walks at the head of the first camel, the others following, confined by a strong cord fixed to a ring in their nose. They impressed us as being larger and hardier than the camels we saw in Egypt and India.

In the winter time everyone who can afford it wears furs, even shoes being lined with skins with the furry side in. The Manchu woman's headdress is seen more frequently in Peking, of course, than elsewhere—a strange stiff bow of ribbon standing upright like a miniature windmill. Chinese cavalry and infantry are frequently seen, the former mounted on short legged, thick bodied, shaggy Manchurian horses. The famous two-wheeled carts of Peking, with their arched limousines and outstanding axles, add greatly to the picturesqueness of street scenes. The main streets are continually cared for by men

who work with a hoe-like tamping iron and a bamboo rake like a pitchfork. There are no doors to the stores, their entrance being closed by a heavy, tight falling curtain hanging from the top. The Peking workmen are very large, strong and skillful, and have many original ways of doing their work. I watched a couple of bricklayers piling up bricks for future construction. One stood on a fifteen-foot high pile of brick, while the other threw them up to him on his precarious footing from a shovel, two, three and even four bricks at a single shot and with remarkable precision. The throwing of red hot bolts by American structural iron workers seemed to me to be a safe pastime compared with the occupation of that aerial brick catcher.

Passing along the street one continually hears behind the curtained doorways the song of the carder's trade as he twangs at the wool in its process of carding, with a sound as from a stringed instrument. Many other sounds of labor, light and sometimes with the musical ring of metal, greet our ears.

Itinerant peddlers call their wares in sounds and noises that seem to affect imitations of birds and animals. I have heard calls which sounded all the way from the song of a bobolink to the crow of a rooster, and from the barking of a dog to the braying of a donkey. Some of them seemed to take as much pride in their call as they do in the selling of their wares.

Now and then a hog or so, which by the way as food producers are the most essential animals of all China, with long bristles on their thin backs, will turn out of our way. You may sometimes see a great crowd gathered about a little shop, and hastening up to see what has occurred you will find that it is only probably the trial of a newly purchased Yankee food cutter proudly manipulated by its owner. The rickshaw men attach mittens to their shafts in the winter time so as to have them handy. As soon as the sun comes out many of them

frequently run with naked breasts, and the wood sawers invariably work naked to the waist whenever there is any sunshine, no matter how cold it may be. The winters are severe and there is little fuel for the poor. The Desert of Gobi is not far away, and the cold spell which it casts over Peking even in still air is something to be long remembered. When the wind blows the cold reaches under furs and woollens to one's very marrow, and I have frequently envied the Chinese whose coats button up on the side rather than in front as with us. In severe weather men and women wear long hoods which, enveloping all the head and shoulders, leave only the face exposed. Ordinarily they do not need gloves as they keep their hands warm in their sleeves. The Chinese do not, as we, enjoy winter sports. Although in Peking, near Coal Hill, there is a splendid pond, smooth and deep frozen, along which hundreds of children pass daily, I have never noticed them skating or sliding on the ice. The only sledging I saw was between Peking and Tientsin, where I watched the peculiarly Chinese method of propelling the sledge by means of a pike with a movement somewhat like that of oaring backward, or as one would pole a boat forward, catching the iron end of the pike in the ice and thus pushing the boat forward in an easy and gradual motion. But these sledges were not for pleasure. They were the ingenious invention of necessity, enabling the fishermen to carry their fish to market over the otherwise almost impassable fields of ice. It is hard to understand how the Chinese, with their love of sunshine, birds and flowers, should not have found means to remove their northern capital back to the sunny Yangtse banks of Nankin, where a week before our arriving at Peking we had enjoyed the sunshine and crisp air of that former capital. For several months of the year even the sea is ice bound around Peking, Tientsin, its port as well as the German port of Tsingtau, being gripped in fields of ice.

But if the winters are severe at Peking what shall we say of the summer, when the heat is so excessive as to frequently prove fatal, and when the brilliant sun is sometimes clouded and obscured by clouds and overhanging layers of dust?

In such seasons it is not to be wondered at that the Chinese reigning family betook itself to the Summer Palace, situated upon a beautiful range of hills with the mountains beyond, the air cooled by leafy groves and the vast expanse of the beautiful lake. There indeed, among the pavilion covered walks and embowered terraces, was a pleasant retreat from the fierce heat of summer. The traveler who looks for a wonder at the Summer Palace itself will perhaps be more disappointed than he who looks for what makes the real beauty of the palace—the “Sunny Gardens”—for the very hanging gardens of Babylon could not have been more beautiful than these. Piled high up like some scenic ideal of a master architect, one above the other in all the wonder of colored porcelain and carved marble, rise groups of buildings enframed in wonderful gardens in this most entrancing location. The effect of the cluster of pagodas which, built upon the steep hill, are crowned by the supreme porcelain pagoda is perfect. The construction immediately before it is built with its open gallery upon an enormous brick foundation, whose whole front is outlined by a grand porcelain balustrade which diamond shaped follows the double stone stairway. As we stand on the marble pavement below, the colored outline of towering pagodas is very impressive. The usual path of ascent is along the easier incline of the rockeries, which are constructed of large broken stones so carefully cemented together as to almost pass as real. A subterranean passage is under a mask of this artificially laid rock which takes on the appearance of a veritable cliff. One of the most fascinating architectural curiosities of this splendid jumble of construction is a beautiful bronze kiosk upon its platform of carved white marble and to which I have already passinglly referred. It is

as exquisitely wrought as a piece of jeweler's work. We were sorry not to have seen this beautiful spot in the spring time, for great labor has been expended in making terrace flower beds outlined with green tile. But even in winter it is beautiful. The slanting rays of the sun gathered up in the recesses of the hills showed warmly, without melting in a particle, the mass of ice on the lake.

"See the Summer Palace," said an old Pekinese, "and you will have seen all that China has to offer in art and architecture," and we found verily that not only in the *tout ensemble* but in every detail of porcelain roofs, canopied walks, marble caves, arched bridges, lotus ponds and rockeries, there was a plan apparent which showed that a whole empire had been drawn upon to furnish the scheme of this gigantic effort of man to combine the beauties of his craft with those of nature's own art. A wall of artificial rock, a marble junk, and a bridge of the same stone are among the unique features. We rambled ecstatic up and down the pathways looking at the shining lines of green and yellow tiles which enliven the lines of the temples. The curious find interest in a visit to the theatre with its mechanical devices and the green rooms of the actors.

Peking at night is indeed a gloomy city. Except for a feeble line of electric lights in the legation quarter, only the rickshaw lanterns, moving grotesquely along, light the way about at night. In any other save a Chinese city prowling through these deserted thoroughfares would not be without an occasional danger.

But the Chinese have dwelt too long in cities to allow any danger within their walls, and I doubt if the world has even known a country where travel from one part to another, within and without the cities, is more free from danger. Their administration of justice is ferocious but certainly efficient. They have never bothered with our cumbersome punishment of imprisonment. With the stocks, neckyoke, the lash and the bam-

boo for misdemeanors, reserving decapitation, strangling or lynchee—the dreadful slicing to death for major offences—they have largely eliminated their criminal class and kept their treasuries from the drain of maintaining costly penal institutions which too frequently are as much of an unwarranted injustice to the prisoners as of hardship to society.

Nearly all of the cheap thoroughfares of Peking present in their lines of shop fronts a more or less brilliant picture of gilt and silver and many colors. The shops are built up side by side, and the streets are mostly wide enough to allow a good perspective.

These store fronts offer a never ending study of the beautiful in color combination with their blending shades painted upon railings, friezes and panels of delicately carved woodwork, making a filigree of enchanting color combination to which the lines of the Chinese characters, also in gilt, silver or colors, greatly contribute.

Most of the shops are one storied, and to add to their beauty and attractiveness the single story is surmounted with a railing of varied design in bright colors. Underneath the railing, which is generally about the height of a man, begins an embellishment with gilt or colored decoration. Beneath this roof table should come, according to the idea of the best shop façade architects, the awning of carved wood, likewise cut in attractive designs and painted in colors, bringing out the grotesqueness of human and animal figures depicted underneath. Then extending under the awning comes a frieze two to four feet wide, lined and traced in gold, gilt or yellow. Beneath shows the panel, the vivid reds and yellows blending into the softer shades and lined again with gilt or gold. The windows are of grille work, the door closing by a curtain of appropriate color hung from the top. Chinese characters, giving the name of the owner and nature of the shop, are sometimes painted beside the door, but the more frequent sign of

ownership as well as the character of the shop comes from the designs and characters which, suspended from the outstretched heads of dragons or other fantastic figures extended from the roof balcony, sway their gilt, silvered and colored outlines back and forth in the breeze, adding much to the delight and novelty of the whole beautiful color picture. If the shop should have several wide stone steps before it to give better perspective in a terrace effect, the result is particularly finished and complete. The detailed work, as I have thus attempted to describe it, is superior to anything of the kind one finds elsewhere, the whole effect being more like beautiful *cloisonné* or some rare design of the jeweler's art.

Nor is the beauty of the shop limited to the exterior, for within another picture of beautiful decoration awaits. Painted panels, hanging screen work, inlaid furniture and an artistically arranged display of wonderful ware line the walls.

CHAPTER IX

SPIRIT TOMBS

Tomb building in China and Egypt seems to me to have more analogy than mere chance would allow. Both nations, from ancient time immemorial, had attempted to preserve the body whole and intact for as long a period as possible, decapitation and slicing as methods of execution being considered even more severe than the painful, slow death by strangling, because the latter preserves the body whole. There was likewise a common belief in the spirit's frequent visitation of the remains, and the tombs were symmetrically disposed by both nations to make such visitations more favorable with regard to the elements. Really, in a greater or lesser degree, about the only great difference between the two methods of burial and the beliefs which originated them was that the Chinese did not mummify as the Egyptians, due entirely to the fact that mummification is not possible in a climate such as that of China.

The only authority I have for making what would be to many this strangely original assertion is my own observation and study of Chinese and Egyptian tombs, and I feel confident that as time rolls along investigation and discovery will show that through Babylon particularly there existed close and common bonds of origin between Egypt and China. But how different the courses of the two nations! Vainglorious Egypt, pompous with military pride, now vanquished and dead these thousands of years past, while China, peace loving and conciliatory, still lives on, the greatest political and racial entity the world today knows.

It is with thoughts such as these that one should visit the Ming Tombs which, far from being mere egotistic and conceited monuments, were constructed with the idea of preserving the

bodies of the dead in much the same manner and for the same purpose as Egyptian monarchs constructed their pyramids.

But why should the Chinese have so little to show in comparison with Egypt as regards tomb monuments, Egypt being so much the smaller nation? That a country as old in its finished society as China itself should have so few ancient monuments is a surprising condition, due principally to three reasons, the first being that of the climate, the disintegrating effect of which upon building material is disastrous compared with the climate of Egypt, where I have seen paintings four thousand years old as clear and fresh as though just finished. The second reason is that China has never had any great invasions by which cities were partly destroyed, then abandoned, but a little—sometimes a very little—covered by the protecting debris and dust which has preserved for us so many chapters from the otherwise forgotten history of the past. The Chinese simply lived on from century to century, using over and over again the building materials available for their needs, until they became eventually useless from long employment. The Chinese largely construct their new buildings from the old as much as they can, and what had gone before was thus effaced by the new in much the same way that modern European and American cities are being continually rebuilt.

As China becomes better known more will be revealed of its past, but to the traveler of today it appears indeed strange that China has so little to show of its antiquity.

But among the few monuments of China which still endure from centuries past, it is not surprising that among the most prominent here as in India and Egypt are to be found the tombs of those great in authority. For their character, their isolation and their inappropriateness for other purposes gave them a peculiar protection.

The third reason is that the Chinese laboring masses with their democratic spirit would not suffer themselves to be em-

ployed in the mere building of imperial monuments. They have always been a free people and it was only in the construction of walls in their own defense that their labor could be controlled in great building enterprises.

The visits to the Ming Tombs near Peking are generally made at the same time as the visits to the Great Wall.

An early start from Peking brought us in the middle of the forenoon to Nankow, where two rival Chinese hotels contested for our patronage. One of the proprietors was particularly insistent that we should go to his hotel because, according to him, it was the only one which possessed beds with "plover splings," but he was so persistent on our going with him that we finally chose the other hotel, and were so tired when night came after a visit to the Tombs that we slept soundly on the hard boards of the tiny cell-like rooms with no regret or yearning in our dreams for the "plover splings."

We arose at four o'clock in the foggy dawn and, considering the fact that our toilet did not take us long since we for the warmth were obliged to sleep in most of our clothes, it was a long wait for the excellent breakfast of porridge, ham and eggs, coffee and persimmons. With my wife and I in the party were a couple of brilliant young Parisians and a deep thinking, newly fledged *Herr Doctor* from the University of Berlin. At the breakfast we spoke of war, little dreaming that of the four men I would be in a short time the only one who would not bear arms in the dreadful European conflict. As we hastened to where our equipment for the jaunt was waiting, one of us tripped over the broken line of a barbed wire fence, whereupon there issued from the doorway of the neighboring hotel a hearty Chinese laugh, followed by the good natured exclamation:

"Ho! Now you see—makee meestake—no come this plover hotel. Other hotel no have plover splings—no plover beds. Him other man—he put him splings on fence."

We all laughed at this sally, although the full humor was lost on us until the joker himself came, forgivingly good natured, to show us the way around the fallen fence.

The donkeys and a donkey boy were provided, the latter to goad the former on. Upon returning to the hotel at evening one of the party said to the proprietor:

"Look here, you told me one boy was enough for two donkeys! Next time you tell everyone that they need two donkey boys for one donkey." The Chinese grinned, evidently, however, not seeing the fine point of the complaint in which I myself almost felt like joining, for those particular Nankow donkeys are the slowest I have ever known. Punches, kicks, jabs and knocks were continually needed to urge them up to even a three-mile-an-hour-gate. We, however, forgave the obstinacy of these the most faithful companions of the poor Chinese farmer, and at length arrived beneath the magnificent *pailow* of marble from which the roadway with its strange figures of stone disappeared. The selection of this site for these wonderful tombs was both for the isolation and consequent protection, and also because the amphitheatre-like girdle of mountains about them seemed auspicious for the visitation of the spirits.

The mountains, commonly called gridiron in form, stretch out their ridges, one peak being opposed to another so that they appear like the tentacles of some monster in their whole composition. It would not take much superstitious fear on a dark night to inspire the mind of the ignorant into a supernatural regard for such mountains, which with their sharp ribs and tentacles surround a tableland of a few hours' walk from side to side, the whole being cultivated except, of course, the dry torrent beds of sand and rock which abound in large numbers and which carry off the spring freshets as they pour down the treeless and naked sides of the mountains.

The industry of the farmer has even extended up the sides

of the mountain until further prevented by the stones and rocks. It is easy to understand how the Imperial necromancers selected this spot as one appropriate for the Ming burial ground, for the mountains stretching around the plateau form a natural *Feng Sui* against evil spirits.

The work was commenced and mostly finished under the personal supervision of each of the thirteen Emperors who are buried here. Marble roads and bridges, archways and *pailows* were all constructed from the most massive and costly material brought from great distances. The main avenue leads through a distance of an hour's walk in the midst of the plateau under the two arches, the marble *pailow* and the *Feng Sui* with a score or so of stone images on either side.

Scattered at distances of from one to two miles at the foot of the mountains and upon the slopes are the separate tombs themselves which, enframed by their walls and embowered by pine and oak, look more like a pretentious villa from the distance and the bright abode of the living rather than a tomb of the dead.

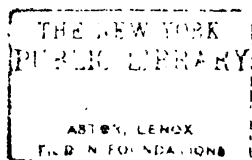
In the galleries Georges Petit, in Paris, I attended the exposition of a French artist recently returned from China, where the picture, entitled *La vallée des tombeaux des Ming*, carried out beautifully the native idealism of Chinese sepulchres. The artist has made the mountains disappear in a wild cyclonic disturbance which, curling upon itself in gigantic eddies, is illumined with a lurid saffron glow shining from the roofs of the red walled tombs and brightened by a visitation of light from the gleaming mysterious heavens beyond, high above the blackness of the foreboding surroundings of earth. Such interpretations as this almost make *Feng Sui* just a phase of our own religious thought.

Although the Nankin Tombs are very few in number, they are much older than those of the North and their situation equally attractive.



*Entrance to Llama Temple, Peking.
Temple of Heaven, Peking.*

*Facade Llama Temple, Peking.
Bell Tower, Peking.*



On our way to their visit we rode through the Tartar City, recently demolished during the Revolution, and although barely a year had elapsed since its destruction all the stone walls had been pulled down to get at the small amount of wood contained in them, leaving only a litter of stone piled up on either side of the streets to show where the city had stood. A large number of the Manchus, fighting for their lives, were driven down from the city by the Chinese, through the Imperial City into the walled enclosure beyond the Imperial City gates, where machine guns were trained on them and a frightful slaughter ensued before the surrender of the survivors. We looked with interest on Lion Hill where the Republicans mounted their artillery against the Manchus, who had planted their guns on Tiger Hill just opposite. Purple Mountain beyond is appropriately named with its rare color, due to reflection from the reddish clay sparsely covering the scrub grass. Wonderful pools of water, lakes, undulating hills and the great grey walls of Nankin, with every stone still intact even to the delicate vaulting of the archways, due to their enormous earthen mounded support, make up a glorious picture in the warm sunshine and crisp air of a winter afternoon. As we proceed we meet soldiers on skirmish drill among the thousands of graves scattered around. A battalion of infantry marches past us with a light easy adaptation of the German goosestep, every soldier apparently very proud of his new uniform and rifle. Although young and raw in many instances and not of the seasoned sort which now fill the ranks of so many Chinese regiments, they none the less look quite ready for business and would, I am sure, give a good account of themselves in battle.

Down a grass grown avenue we pass, delighted with the scenery about us, all enlivened with the solid stone figures of men and animals on either side. Yes! If ever there was a place to which the restless spirit of the dead might wish to return to the earthly clay it had shuffled off, it would be in

the midst of such surroundings as these. Indeed, this spot is fit for Spirit Tombs.

As we start back towards the city, from out of one of the miserable hovels comes a ragged woman, tottering along on her tiny deformed feet calling to us for alms in a hollow, sepulchral voice. Weak, emaciated—a ghost-like form of distress upon which death has already seemed to cast his shadow, through which the traces of the woman's former beauty appear. Alone in the midst of the radiant fields encircled by the glorious empurpled mountains, her hacking cough counting off, as it were, the numbered days of her existence in the fresh and still verdant beauty of the scene about her, she comes toward us through the circle of graves that surround her cave-like abode. The uncovered coffin of one of the graves had broken open at an end, suggesting the ghastliness of its contents. The dying and the dead! How strange the contrast in the midst of the otherwise beautiful surrounding. We watched the woman sadly as she went back on her way and bethought ourselves of the strange gift of life and the certainty of death, as looking back towards the red wall of the Spirit Tombs we had a feeling of sympathy for their builders in their attempt to solve the impenetrable mystery of life and death.

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT WALL OF PEACE

Even from the days of their long dead contemporaries, the war loving Babylonians and Assyrians, peace loving China dreaded and guarded against militarism. Instead of making armies out of nonproductive soldiers prone to idleness and mischief, the Chinese made their strength of security out of stone. In walls they found their means of defense without fear of mutiny and rebellion. "Soldiers are only strong while the food lasts, but walls endure like mountains," said they, and while the other nations of ancient times were burdened and straining against the galling yoke of soldiery, the Chinese pursued the calm and happy current of their life with no fear of danger from within nor of invasion from without.

We are now beginning to realize that the great wall of China, nor any of the other ten or more walls of the North, was not a senseless engineering feat but that it was in fact a great national economy. One of the chief annoyances of the Chinese was the constant fear of surprise by attacks from the robber horsemen of the North. While the Chinese were peacefully engaged in their pursuits, even a small body of these Northlanders, swooping down on them, would massacre hundreds and thousands and despoil all the treasure within their reach before they were finally driven off. The Chinese had a contempt for the shiftless, nomadic hordes of the North, as well as a well founded fear in the danger of an invasion by combined forces. Even the robber horsemen, by the continued fear of attack, seriously hampered their trade and commerce as did the North American Indians in the history of early English colonization.

These tribes of the North ever looked down with envy upon the rich and prosperous Southland, whence came all that they knew of comfort and luxury. They themselves, of a sluggish yet cunning intelligence, mounted upon their stocky little horses, were ever free lances for rapine and robbery. They took on from their environment something of the nature of the wolves of the plains who were their chief enemy, for no human invasion, except for punitive or other purely military reasons, would ever enter into their poor and inhospitable country. When the Mongul succeeded in riding down a wolf he would pin his hooked spear down through the nose and mouth of the exhausted brute to the ground beneath: then at his leisure, with the skill of his savage culture, would skin the animal alive, finally releasing it so that according to his brute belief it might return to the rest of the pack and tell his fellows what punishment awaited them from the Monguls.

The stories told of the Mongul's barbarity exceed even those of the Indians of North America, but with all their savagery and moral depravity there seems to have been some sharp tonic in the raw cold winds that blew about their tents which put in their blood the courage to take great odds in their quest of booty.

Organizing into bands, sacrificing their savage independence under their natural leaders whom they implicitly obeyed with a brave indifference to danger and an utter disregard of hardship, their rude sort of cavalry formation would follow over the mountains, desert and plains southward towards the rich treasure lands and cities of the Chinese. Advancing rapidly, making the last stage of their journey under the cover of night, at the early break of dawn as the gates of the city were opened, they entered with their mad rush, slaughtering, looting, burning for hours before sufficient strength was found to oppose them.

Thus, to insure against the possibility of a general invasion

as well as to guard against these guerrilla attacks, the great wall was built.

Had the money spent on that wall been dispensed in the maintenance of a large standing army, it is curious to speculate what would have been the geographical extent of political China today. Had the wall not been built the reduction of China to a dependent state would necessarily have followed. Compared with the value of the purpose it served, the cost of the wall was little indeed. The whole expense of its construction was a bagatelle considering the cost of the maintenance of a sufficient army for a decade. Under the conditions of those days China could afford such a labor tax upon her resources much more easily than can England even today afford the continued construction of dreadnoughts. But the greatest value of all resultant from the great wall was that it still kept China free from the demoralizing influence of militarism with the consequent disturbance of economic equilibrium.

Chinese conciliation and love of peace built the wall, and there it still stands stretching from the sea of sunrise to the mountains of sunset, the great Wall of Peace; a grim sentinel reaching out over the lonely mountains into the fastnesses of cragged peaks in silent isolation far towards the remotest regions of the desert and then even farther beyond, where the fields again bloom and the ploughman rests himself from the summer's heat beneath the shadow of its sinuous form. Fortifications generally suggest cities and centers of commercial movement, but this, the greatest of all defenses, winds its lonely way far from villages and towns, each stone placing its portentous form farther and farther from the rivers and seas of man's activity.

The wall, about twenty feet high at the point where we viewed it, near Chinglungchiao, was built of stone with a parapet of brick five feet high on the outside and two feet on the inside, enough to fully protect the bodies of the defenders

as they fought at the loopholes at the front, and sufficient to prevent them falling over as in the excitement of the defense they might rush backward and forward. For this wall was meant as a fighting barrier of last recourse, where peasants with their simple implements of toil could themselves defend the wall, and where every advantage was offered to inexperience in the use of even the crudest weapons.

But in the colossal construction they did not forget the necessities of peace. Water is scarce all over China, and the drainage from the street-wide width of the top of the wall meant much, so the rains were made to drain inward through gutters which dropped the water in tiny cascades upon solid stone receptacles, which, by breaking the force of the water, avoided the danger of undermining the wall.

The spacious top of the wall between the parapet is paved with wide square stones, set in cement and beautifully regular, with no indication of settling after these centuries of exposure to the elements and subjection to the laws of gravity.

A distance of a few minutes' walk, every half of a *li* or sixth of an English mile, well built lookout towers are constructed inciting the imagination to what this wall must have been when from station to station during the long winter nights the sentinel calls rang out, or in the day time when the soldiers practiced their archery and artillery fire from these loopholes and crenelated openings. Wonderful! Yes! Even what we see before us is wonderful; but fifteen hundred miles! The mind is confused at the marvel of the accomplishment. Oh, the tens and hundreds of thousands of toiling backs patiently laboring for the common weal. The myriads of skilled artisans. The army of engineers. How, in this solitude, amidst the barrenness of these mountains were provisions obtained for that great army? How ingeniously they labored, taking advantage of the steepest side of the mountain for the outer wall as they planted their blocks of solid stone upon foundations

of native rock, the whole a finished memorial of a people's sovereignty, complete and workmanlike. The mind is bewildered in imagining the enormous work of constructing even a score miles of such a finished perfect wall as this, climbing up, angling down, now surmounting a lofty peak and again descending the depth of a valley with always the same precision of outlines, capricious in its progress but always directed by an intelligent engineering skill which denotes a perfect mastery of science and art.

The wall, thus constructed of the solidest material put together with all the perfection of the mason's craft, conforms to the undulations of the hills by ramps on the easier slopes and by stairways on the abrupt ascents as it follows the mountains, disappearing behind a lofty peak to reappear a mile or so distant, winding on its descent to the valley beneath.

Looking down from the wall upon the jumble of maroon covered peaks, mounds of blackened rock, cones and ridges of brown slopes broken by gullies and little valleys, the whole scene cheerless and melancholy in the December morning; not a single tree to break the monotony of stone, sand and clay, with only a scant mantle of coarse grass thrown over the nakedness of the weird mountain aspect or the white line of a frozen mountain stream, the eyes revert from this display of nature's own handiwork again and again to that sinuous outline of crenelated and betowered wall, following its zigzag curves and straight away over the meanderings of the mountains until it becomes like a thin thread upon a distant peak.

We linger long amid this desolate scene, and again the imagination goes back to the day of the wall's construction when these lonely mountains, then the scene of intense activity, resounded with the tools of the workman and the sharp orders of command, as one after another the heavy stones were slung into place fresh cut from the hands of the artisan. In the fierce heat of summer and in the cold wintry desert blast, on

they labored, forging their way over one mountain after another, leaving behind them the finished work as a monument to their own suffering, fortitude and skill. A vast army of women attended these laborers to cook their food, to carry their water, to search the steep slopes of the rugged mountains again and again for roots and herbs and grass in which they found their fuel to cook their meager fare. And as the labor went forward, more were pressed into the service that the work might be earlier completed in order that the sick, the suffering and the dying might be allowed to travel homeward toward those far distant provinces whence they had come and which many never looked upon again. Ah! to them the undertaking, in the slow process of construction from day to day, seemed to rival even the very forces of nature in the enormity of the project contemplated.

But with all that, the wall was actually finished with less hardship to the common masses than any great public enterprise of the Orient. We look upon it as the most practical attempt to approach international peace ever made, besides which the mere compact of modern treaties was as naught. In that wall was found the declaration of a whole people: that within lay their own land of peace and that without they had no ambition for conquest nor greed of territorial advancement.

They are veritably the great Walls of Peace. They are a monument to the Confucian aim of universal amity.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHINESE EMIGRANTS

Love of home is the chief Chinese characteristic which prevents them from a wholesale expatriation toward the more modern countries of abundance. Any study of the Chinese would be incomplete without including the story of the wonderful influence even the comparatively few Chinese emigrants have obtained abroad.

It is surprising when one considers the poverty of the Chinese, how little emigration there was before the passage of exclusion laws against them in the newer countries of the world.

Few realize the large cost of food and clothing in China. Consider the following rough example: To a Chinese skilled laborer in the country district—outside of the Treaty Ports, where wages, owing to the use of foreign tools and other conditions, are higher—we will give, say, fifteen cents gold a day. With this fifteen cents gold we will find that he can buy about four pounds of rice. Now, the same English artisan—and I select the English as a fair international wage average—will make, we will assume, five shillings with which he can buy forty-five pounds of flour. Since wheat flour is considered as possessing about one-third more blood value than rice, pound for pound, the English workman thus daily earns the equivalent of sixty pounds of rice as against the four pounds of the Chinese; or say that the English wages, all other things being equal, is fifteen times as much as that of the Chinese. I have purposely put the English wage low and the Chinese wage high so as not to exaggerate the illustration.

Now, this is only a Chinese disadvantage as regards food.

Every Chinese woman ought to have a pound of rice daily and a workingman a pound and a half, so we can understand that when the whole day's wage goes for four pounds of rice for an entire family of dependents there is little or nothing left for clothing and shelter, and none for such luxuries as soap.

Hence the Chinese has to practice the meanest economy in many ways. He perhaps throughout his whole life will never have the pleasure of wearing a new garment, being obliged to content himself with second, third and other handed-on clothing, shops of which abound everywhere in China and which renew their stocks from the worn clothing of the comparatively better-to-do, who trade or sell them to help pay for the new. These much overworked garments are always, however, most anxiously cared for by whoever may happen to be their possessor. As soon as any part becomes in the least thin, a patch is immediately applied. The owner isn't going to take any chances in the resistance of the cloth. At night, frequently to save the clothes, they will climb under the quilt entirely naked with their precious clothing laid upon the quilt above them for extra warmth.

After satisfying his stomach, the Chinese laborer has, in fact, little left for his clothing. Wool, although very much needed, particularly in Northern China, has a prohibitive price to him. As a makeshift he uses a quilted garment of cotton cloth, padded with cotton wool. The thirty-inch cotton sold in England for 6d costs nearly a third more in China, or say 7d, that being the wage of an artisan for one day approximately. The thirty-six-inch American product of cotton cloth is very much desired for certain purposes and sells for correspondingly more. A pound of cotton wool costs likewise ten hours' labor of the Chinese workman. Can you wonder that the common Chinese day laborers cannot afford new garments, even of cotton?

Then in regard to his house rent he is also at a great disadvantage. A miserable low lean-to will cost him two days' wage per month, while a four-walled hovel will take five days out of his monthly wage.

Hence we see nearly the whole life of the Chinese laborer is absorbed in filling his stomach with the scanty rice, using meat merely as sauces for his rice, very inferior pork and beef, costing him nearly a day's wage per pound.

Can we blame him for not washing himself with soap when a pound of the common English or American kind, only sufficient to last him and his family a week with the washing, will cost him one-sixth of his weekly wage?

Amid such dreadful poverty as this, it is impossible to get even a considerable percentage of the best in a man. The most skillful artisan intelligence soon sinks to the level of the degradation of poverty about him.

But away from his own beloved land the poor underfed Chinese coolie has given a far better account of himself than he ever could have done back in the land of his birth.

See what he has done in the Federated Malay States which have advanced far along modern lines, having spent millions of pounds sterling in public improvements and being the owner of a fine system of railroads, fully paid for, and income producing and being in nowise indebted for such improvements, all due to the Chinese who number 433,000 as against the native Malay population of 420,000—marvelous accomplishment and perhaps without a parallel in the history of the world. This wonderful result is absolutely due to the Chinese who developed the tin mines of those States wholly by their own rude, uncaptialized labor.

The Chinese coolie, upon the first demonstration of the great tin wealth of the Federated Malay States, commenced to arrive in an orderly manner in just such numbers as the demand for their labor existed. These emigrants came en-

tirely destitute and clad in only the few rags of their class. Each coolie as he came entered into a sort of a partnership called a *kongsi*.

The *kongsi*, as a contract, resolved the question of the unemployed in a natural and easy manner. It is entirely different from the *aparcerio* system of the Philippines, where the laborer is required to go into debt for the first advances of food, clothing and tools. According to the *kongsi* agreement, the newly arrived coolie received from his Chinese associates, who were already working in the tin mines, sufficient rations to maintain him until the first pay day. Or more than that, under some *kongsi* contracts, the coolie was advanced an allowance of money for both food and clothing, was transported to the Quinta Valley or other place of his employment and maintained until his labor entitled him to a divided share of the product obtained by the common labor of the many other coolies in *kongsi*. The dividend declared, the coolie received his share from which he repaid the advances, together with a reasonable percentage of interest, the balance thus representing his own individual earnings.

In the early period of tin exploitation this system was of particularly great advantage as it carried the coolies over the long speculative period of preliminary labor necessary to arrive at the ore beds which generally lie at some considerable distance from the surface.

Thanks to this natural and economical method the welfare of the Federated Malay States grew by leaps and bounds. Capital and labor became one and the same in wresting from nature its wonderful wealth of tin which for years supplied three-fourths of the whole world's product of that metal, and which even today represents two-thirds of the globe's output.

Although tin has been known to exist in large quantities from the days of Queen Elizabeth and had been exploited in a half-hearted way by the Dutch, it remained for the Chinese,

without capital and organization, to give the world the tremendous quantities of the product which in the last forty years have been exported from that country.

The British, who were the indirect and accidental cause of this Chinese development of the Straits Settlements, learned their first lessons in the proper treatment of the Chinese when the railroad administration published an order prohibiting the Chinese from riding in the same coaches with the Europeans. Contrary to every idea of natural justice understood by the English at home, the most besotted and offensive European was actually given a right which was denied the most correct and proper Chinese—the right to fully enjoy transportation on railroads which had been actually built by the profits of Chinese industry.

This discrimination, however, only lasted a very short time, for some of the leading Chinese threatened to close up their business and go home to China if the injustice continued. The result was that this un-British-like blunder was more quickly corrected than in the instance of the lesser injustice of the Shanghai bund garden, where a conspicuous sign still reads: "No Chinese Allowed."

A hundred years from now history will cite such examples of small minded contempt against the Chinese and not wonder at the reluctance of these people to open their doors to us.

A digression here may prove interesting to those who care to know something about this Chinese-made city of Singapore which, on account of its immediate location near the equator, is generally looked upon as an unbearably hot place. A lady told me that she had received special instructions from her son who had never been in the Straits Settlements not to delay an hour in Singapore in case she could not make her connecting ship, but to proceed by rail immediately northward to Penang. The fact is that I was actually cold in Singapore while wearing a woollen suit on my last visit there. Although it is

probably one of the hottest places on earth at certain seasons, still in the winter months when the sun goes down or it is clouded and a strong wind blows cool and agreeable, the climate is very pleasant. The direct actinic rays of the sun are, however, very depressing and at almost any time of the day extreme activity will produce perspiration.

Singapore is a city which shows what the Chinese can do when they have the chance. Wide, spacious streets with archways in front of the houses covering public sidewalks of cement, brick or stone, always kept scrupulously clean and not only cleansed by the occupants of the buildings but likewise by the strong antiseptic rays of the sun and the heavy tropical rains. Under these covered walkways a part of the wonderful display of Singapore Oriental life passes along, and even a greater part rolls along in rickshaws through the broad streets which at night time are brilliantly lighted. The front of the cement plastered two and three storied buildings are painted in lively colors of deep indigos, rich rose and maroon. The interior of the shops which are all open to the street are clean and well stocked. The smaller shops are kept by Madrassis who, seated on their crossed legs among their wares, form a marked contrast with the bustling Chinese who are busy about every detail of their trade. A very large amount of small domestic purchasing to supply the wants of this large, purely commercial city is apparent on all sides. Fruit and provision vendors exhibit their scanty stocks along the streets and on pleasant evenings the highways are alive with hawkers of every description. Two things impress one in Singapore, first that the Chinese will keep themselves clean if they have the slightest chance to do so, and secondly that they are a superior race, naturally accepted as leaders by the weaker races of the Orient. Chinese cleanliness in Singapore is apparent everywhere, the native rickshaw men, naked except for a small cloth about the loins, shine resplendent with frequent ablutions. Half naked

cooks with immaculate hands work over the pots and kettles which shine with scouring. Everywhere the Chinese are of a clean and orderly appearance. Their shops and stores are frequently spick and span. I looked at a crowd of Chinese laborers attending an open air theatre, set up along the canal bank. The large attentive audience, just from their work at the dinner hour, followed the falsetto monologue to the accompaniment of the usual high-keyed strings. All present were washed and shining with the air heavy with perfumed soap. Instead of putting the heavier work on the cheap Malay and Indian laborers, the Chinese keep the labor to themselves, although they could probably get it done cheaper by the other races. I passed four coolies lifting heavy bales on their shoulders for a go-down, the large development of their biceps showing that this was their accustomed method rather than using the pole commonly used in China which, although it develops shoulders, does little for the arms. The thought occurred to me that this change in the manner of lifting came from the superior strength of these emigrant Chinese, due to their better nourishment.

In regard to the Chinese as natural leaders, I was surprised to find them bossing gangs of native laborers, acting as inspectors of the trams and railways, directing all manner of work in a quiet orderly fashion, and looked up to generally by all those with whom they came in contact. They speak the native languages without exception and assume the leadership in an easy, modest assumption of authority.

I had been twice in Singapore before, but had missed two of the features most frequently mentioned—the Chetty money changers and the fly catchers in the Botanical Gardens, both of them grafters in their respective ways. I never had occasion to deal with the former and of the latter there was none budded. I had heard wonderful tales told of the ability of these Chetty money changers as lightning calculators; that

they would have none of the Chinese abacus, but computed everything mentally with only occasional recourse to written figures on particularly intricate sums. I therefore approached one of their shops with that proper feeling of inferiority which goes with an approach to expert greatness, and proffered a couple of sovereigns to the different shades of skin and dress which were sprawled in general decoration on the large mat-covered platform raised waist high to those standing on the street and which formed both the floor and the counter of this strange banking room. Amid the jabbering throng which stood before the money throne I stood unnoticed with my sovereigns in my hand until one of the fellows, seeing the gleam of the gold, apprehended my request for an exchange to rupees. With a soiled slate before him he then went into a five-minute trance, figuring out a single proposition which any American schoolboy would have done mentally in a second.

At the end of his laborious reckoning he finally announced with considerable caution the result of his computation, and overcome by his greatness and the solemnity of his bearing, I gladly accepted the result as he had it, well aware of the extortionate profit he was making on the small advantage of two pounds.

After the Chetty had given me my exchange, one of his colleagues, a young black chap in a flowing gown, properly pleased with the easy profit, said in a fierce stentorian tone that reminded me of the Egyptian Arabs:

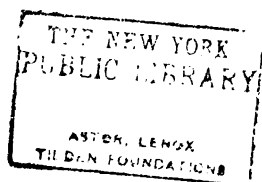
"Sire, you come here! My good bank! My great bank; all great English come here! I do good change."

And he, in his turn, so overcame me by his fierceness and blackness that I modestly craved him to act as my interpreter in paying off the rickshaw coolie. This service the black thief gladly undertook, inducing the rickshaw coolie, an honest Chinese sort, to insist upon an extortionate payment in order that the Chetty might obtain a graft commission. Much of



*Entrance to Ming Tombs.
Little Chinese John! Our best friend
and may he always remain so.*

*Typical approach to China's 1001
walled cities.
A Lapidary.*



the interest I had had in Chettys vanished from that moment, and I left the "great, good bankers" with a diminished idea of their skill as changers, but with an increased estimate of their knavery.

The Botanical Gardens of Singapore are world famed. When I visited them first ten years ago the gardens included a fine exhibition of tropical animals, especially monkeys, but this no longer exists. In a double rickshaw or *gherry* you ride down past the interesting Raffles' Museum along the beautiful orchard road with its queer and beautiful sights. Flower gardens are luxuriant, and the rich jumble of the native plants, trees and shrubs makes a beautiful picture indeed. Rickshaw men with wonderful strength strain their sleek bodies forward as they pull two passengers in a single vehicle uphill, a feat that I have known no other class of rickshaw pullers to do, except in Singapore, where all the rickshaw men are Chinese.

Some unusual signs are to be noted, such as "Plants, snakes and emu for sale here," and others equally curious. The Hongkong and Shanghai Chinese, who are particularly boastful of their origin, display such signs as "Ah Wung, Washer Man from Shanghai," or perhaps "Wa Fun, Carpenter from Hongkong." Evidently they intended to take no chances in being mistaken for what they considered the commoner types of Kehk, Dychoos and Hylams.

The Botanical Gardens are so arranged that from the summit of a low hill, where the bandstand is erected, an excellent view of the flower beds, plants, shrubs and trees can be seen. Beautiful slender palms, hardly thicker than a broom handle but rising to a height of sixty feet; exquisite fan palms and also beautiful varieties of other palms, including the Royal, the cocoanut, the date and the betel. Our attention is particularly held by a pathway bordered with the flaming red stemmed palm. Many of the flowers familiar to us from our childhood are here, as well as some of the common old rag

weeds apparently almost growing up in a few days. Our touch-me-not, the princes' feathers and bachelor buttons are there just as they are at home. In the little lake are beautiful specimens of floating lilies and other water plants. But the Mecca of our visit is the Fernery—a sort of an arbor built down in a shady spot. An attendant shows us the mountain budding orchid which he grows in ordinary flower pots instead of hanging or clinging as do most of the emphytitic plants, and then at last the fly catcher.

From my boyhood lessons in botany I had always wanted to see this plant which, with an animal like intelligence, attracts and devours flies. The attendant showed us three of them—two buds, growing up on the vine about the height of a man's head, and the other a full flower hanging down from the top of the arbor over us. We directed our attention to the latter and listened to the words of the attendant, a fine looking Madrassi, as he spoke in his quaint English.

"That is it! The fly catcher! That one hanging! It looks like a swan. Now it is closed, yet has caught the flies and like the dog it is fattening. By and by it will open up and as it opens a bad smell comes! Very bad! It comes out even to where you are standing. It looks beautiful inside when open. White with brown spots, but oh! how bad smelling! But the flies smell it from far off and come swarming. They fight each other to get into it, for they think it is something dead. Then when the flies are filling the inside of the flower it closes and like a buzzard sleeps because it is filled."

We followed the clear spoken broken English of the Madrassi and looked with awe towards this strange work of God. There it hung! just above our heads about the size of a lady's hand. A strange thing to describe. Something like a dead chick hung up by the neck or perhaps a nautilus shell. A dull, lifeless looking object with a long spiral tail, or perhaps you might say a sort of a colorless dead pod growing out of

those leafless vines which straggled down to the earth a dozen feet away. A sinister looking object on those barren vines. No need of leaves to nurse this strange creature suspended in the air, attached to the ground and yet existing upon the flying things which it ruthlessly trapped and slaughtered.

Underneath the dripping ferns with the warm rain falling upon us, we silently riveted our gaze upon this strange creation, our deep reverie being finally broken by the Madrassi, who continued:

"Yes, that is it! Very wonderful! The other day an American gentleman was saying that it was the verree greatest thing he was ever observing, because it was the only thing that ever made anything of itself by raising a —, I shall say odor."

Near the Raffles Hotel is the so-called native city in which all the nations of the earth combine in an exposition of vice and immorality. It puts the spots of shame on the cheeks of a white man to see women of his own race in the low degradation of their natures going down to the very depths of Oriental debauchery, and in those very centers where we most boast of our superior civilization. In passing across this quarter, the doors of whose dwellings are filled with young Chinese, Japanese, Malay and Indian girls, all plying their loathesome trade in competition with vicious women of our own race, the nauseating smell of the open dorian on the baskets of the fruit vendors, from the curbs before the soliciting line of bawds, seems to come with a peculiar relief to one who is compelled to pass through the strumpet quarter.

A word about this fruit called the dorian may be interesting. About ten years ago I made my first acquaintance with the dorian right here in Singapore. I was passing along the street at night when I was assailed by a most frightful odor. Looking over to where the stench came from I saw a number of people with a lantern leaning over and intently examining

what I believed to be some dead body they had just pulled from the sewer. Being more curious then than now, I hastened over into the very midst of the sickening smell and was dumb-founded to find that the group was merely cutting open a strange looking melon, something like a pineapple in appearance and color, but with a rind of hard shell with points of stickle-back as sharp as needles. I retired quite faint because of the odor, and upon making inquiries the next day found that the foul smelling fruit was the dorian. Ten years passed before I again smelt the odor of the dorian, but I found that it was still there and had lost none of its old repugnance. It seems that it is the husk and not the white delicate pulp that smells. There were especially large numbers of them upon my last visit to Singapore, and somewhat ashamed of the white feather I had previously shown them, I approached a native who had a pile of them which he carefully weighed with a primitive scale. He had some of them cut open to make, as it were, a very large and noisy advertisement of his wares. I purchased and was about to eat one of the slices, but suddenly the odor became so sickening that I threw it from me, to the great amazement of the vendor. Those who have tasted the dorian say that it has a sweetish-sour taste, a qualification probably due to the odor being mixed up with the taste in a most contradictory fashion. I will not argue as to the taste, but as to the smell there can be no argument. It speaks for itself.

The open air restaurants are very appetizing in their cleanliness and toothsome vapors as prepared by the Chinese cooks. All the delicacies favored by the Chinese are indulged in at these small *al fresco* restaurants. Dainty little mouthfuls and titbits are served with tiny cups of tea from diminutive pots to great hulking Chinese whom one would hardly think would appreciate the extreme delicacy of the service.

The temples of the Chinese, such as they are, are well maintained. On the main, side thoroughfare, near the quarter

just referred to, is a wide, spacious temple with well swept courts bearing the marks of the prosperity which is reflected from everything Chinese in Singapore. The Chinese emigrants in the dollar chasing absorption of their daily trades, however, not being really a religious people by instinct, forget their traditional religion frequently when away from home except when some calamity overtakes them, when they again turn to the gods of their fathers. Many of the superstitions charged to the Chinese are really a mere observance of customs which are respected because they are old without any belief in them whatsoever.

An amusing incident of the return to one of their practices occurred during the cholera epidemic at Singapore in 1906, many of the coolie class dying daily until finally some of the Chinese bethought themselves of having sacrifices and services to drive away the *hantu*, as the devil is called in the vernacular. Accordingly they applied to the English authorities for a permit to have a street parade, which was denied them on the ground that the object of the parade was a foolish superstition. Finally, by dint of persistence, permission was obtained. Several volunteer Chinese were chained by the neck and dragged through the streets as an indication of penance. Pigs and goats were then sacrificed and, strange as it may seem, the *hantu* immediately vanished and the epidemic ceased entirely shortly thereafter; indeed a peculiar coincidence that the cholera had run its course at the same time that the sacrifices were made.

In Singapore an opportunity is given to observe the great advantage which the Chinese have over the Indian peoples in not having their trades and callings entangled and their very existence involved in the ancient laws of caste. The Chinese are too virile and healthful minded to allow the caste type of religion to throw its shadow upon their national life and dwarf the usefulness of their most serviceable classes of labor. Com-

pared with caste-bound people the ignorant coolie, self-possessed in his own lusty independence, is a prince of freedom whose happy democratic way places him higher on the throne of racial respect than a Maharajah, agleam in his chains of pearls and ablaze with his treasures of diamonds.

The Chinese coolies themselves, in a good natural way, laugh at the superstitions and castes of the Indians, and while the latter are squatting in the dirt eating with their hands out of a common dish, the Chinese laborer, with his naked body pink from the bath and exercise and fresh from the barber, looks out from under his sun hat in an amused way as upright and head held high he eats his food with his chop sticks, a king amidst the crouched figures about him.

The Chinese emigrant coolies are more careful of their health abroad than at home. It is a curious sight to see a lot of stevedore coolies, after they have done their turn at the dock and with their almost naked bodies fairly steaming with perspiration, very gravely open and cover themselves with their umbrellas to avoid being wet by the rain, for the very good reason that experience has shown them that falling rain on a bare back brings on colds and rheumatism.

And now that we have spoken at some length of the Chinese emigrants, generally and rather digressively, what shall we say about them here in America? Nothing much, for our whole attitude has been so unjust toward the Chinese that the subject of the Chinese emigrant in the United States is not a very agreeable topic. There are not many of them here—perhaps only a scant half hundred thousand. About one out of every ten American citizens is a negro and a very large percentage of our white citizenship of alien birth is not very much of an improvement on the negro, and still we consider our country and its citizenship to be altogether too good for the Chinese, the most normal, industrious and desirable alien who has ever come to our shores.

But patient, plodding yet sensitive Chinese John will not bother us. There are other parts of the world where he is more welcomed and where he can have more happiness and prosperity; and then besides his own country is offering him more and more every year. No, he will never bother us. He really has never liked America—a country that has never tried to understand him and whose restriction laws have pilloried him out, even before the negroes, as an inferior creature whose industry, however, was a menace to the lazy, idle security of the ne'er-do-well part of the American commonwealths. The Gary law will go down as a very black page in American legislation to which eventually we will turn with sorrow, since the exclusion of the Chinese for injustice has hardly a parallel in the world's history. The abuse of the Chinese on the Pacific coast, crystallized in absurdly and un-American hysterical laws, has spread over the whole country and the Chinese are driven harder until now even an American citizen—a native born American citizen who happens to have had Chinese parents—cannot send back to China for his fiancée, although even naturalized American citizens of other nationalities may do so. How can American justice allow this strange and absurd application of a harshly discriminating law to continue?

And with such laws as these do we wonder that the Chinese in California have dwindled from 75,000 in 1880 to 36,000 in 1910, and that they are still going home, never to return?

CHAPTER XII

HONGKONG, THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL OF THE BRITISH COLONIAL CROWN

Hongkong stands as a monument to British pluck and luck in the Orient. Exacted by the Indian opium merchants as an additional indemnity extortion upon the Chinese, after the opium war, for a long time its career was so checkered with disaster as to lead one of its governors to recommend its abandonment. About that time, however, gold being discovered in California and labor being in great demand in that State, Hongkong became the lively center of a large deportation of Chinese emigrants. Held together by this activity, the little isle and colony finally felt the strong impulse of its growth, which today makes it one of the most spectacular cities of the world. If ever England, by the misfortunes of war, be stripped of all her foreign territorial colonies, Hongkong will ever remain in history at least as a glorious monument to British enterprise in the far East.

Hongkong colony is an example of an open port, where one leaves and comes with no restrictions upon them. No duties to enhance the price of commodities, but still they seem to be sold higher in shops in Hongkong than in Peking, probably due to the influence of American prices in Manila. There is cheap and abundant labor everywhere, but the majority of manufactured goods is dearer there than in any part of America.

It should not be forgotten that America has been a sort of a guardian angel to Hongkong. First, by starting its commerce in 1849; secondly, by starting its sanitation in 1900, the latter requiring a word of explanation.

As soon as the Americans were firmly fixed in the Philippines they commenced a most severe sanitation of all the

islands, and to prevent the outbreak of cholera and other epidemics exacted a visitation at Hongkong of all ships leaving that city for Manila or other Philippine ports before their clearance papers were issued. The British in Hongkong at first interpreted this action of the Americans with varying half-hearted degrees of resignation, but finally followed the example set in the usual sensible British way and commenced a thorough and scientific sanitation of Hongkong on their own account.

I remember in the days of the early occupation of the Philippines with what anger a fine old English captain on a ship sailing for Manila exploded after our American Marine Hospital inspector had left, the cause of his anger being the order compelling him to throw out large quantities of vegetables on his ship as a possible conveyance of cholera spirili.

"Can't we eat?" he yelled at the steward after the surgeon had gone. "How long is this American nonsense to be allowed to bulldoze us, and on a British ship too, at that?"

I greatly enjoyed the old skipper's outburst, and we became fast friends before we arrived at Manila. He, like many other of the fine old conservative British type, jealous of his traditions, was among the first to extol the new order of things as soon as the practical benefit was proven in changing the old disease-haunted Spanish Manila into one of the most healthful cities of the world.

The British authorities in Hongkong, about the time of this incident, commenced their sanitation in earnest, and today the clean and wholesome aspect of this beautiful colony excites the admiration of all nations.

After a sojourn in the cold northern cities, a visit to Hongkong in the winter time is pleasant indeed. Upon one's arrival from the north, one of the first rambles is towards the flower market, where just for enjoying the novelty of their cheapness many carry away an armful for a shilling. The next on the

program is the trip to the peak which, from a point near the wonderful Botanical Gardens, can be reached by an inclined tramway which pulls up past terraced residences and which, being built on the mountain-side, appear by a strange optical illusion as the tram passes swiftly upward, as though they were constructed on angles varying from the level about them.

Wonderful indeed are these rounded peaks as viewed from the heights about Hongkong. Their grassy sides are broken by the seared grey of cliffs and barren rock, among which grow the wild, ever-blooming flowers and about which is heard the song of birds. Shoulder upon shoulder the heights rise above the shadowed valleys between, where the brighter gleam of shrubs and trees breaks the solid green depth as isolated and virgin as in the very beginning.

But this primeval picture of Hongkong as seen from the heights is fast changing. Concrete canals are being constructed to control the devastation of the torrents that break over the heights. Bulwarks and viaducts, bridges, winding roads, beautifully wide, are chopped out of the side of the mountains whence one can observe the ever-changing vision of the harbor below with the terraced woods all about. In the hollow crack of the stonebreaker's tools is heard the story of the continual encroachment of the influence of the city of Victoria upon the whole rocky extent of the island of Hongkong.

The wonder of these peaks, imposing as they are, is enhanced by the sea which, invisible in certain parts of its meanderings at different viewpoints, though frequently overhung with a mantle of haze, makes a dreamlike and wonderful picture as the small seacraft outline their sail in a myriad of shapes upon the sheen of the sea, throwing their gaunt shadows upon its surface.

The snake-like outlines of the Cornice roads, leading down from one height to another, are marked here and there by the picturesque figure of a jaunty red-coated Tommy Atkins as

well as the white caps and blue uniforms of sailors, making a strange contrast with the clumsy figures of broad-hatted Chinese coolies who, barefooted throughout the year and as children of nature, wind their way with their loads slung from bamboo poles upon these broad roads constructed by their industry under the white man's direction.

Ivy, morning-glories, poinsettias, camillias, hybiscus and other beautiful and fragrant flowers grow up in profusion amid bamboo grovelets.

Below, along the winding streets of Victoria itself, the deep balconied houses are teeming with the cosmopolitan multitude. I have on my several visits to Hongkong never lost an opportunity to stand and watch the varied phases of life in that islet. Soldier and sailor uniforms are conspicuous and common. Sometimes one will notice a couple of European or American sailors who have been having too much of a lark and who are followed by a large crowd of Chinese who greatly enjoy their antics. The Chinese have great contempt for the white man's public debauchery, and a drunken sailor or soldier is as good to them as a circus. It is unfortunate that Hongkong is filled with indications of the white man's degradation, whose basest appetites are purveyed to by members of his own race as well as the Chinese. I remember years ago while making some purchases in a Hongkong shop a fine looking young fellow, who seemed to have come from the farming region of the middle western states, came rushing in and cried out to me, his trembling hands and haggard, unkempt appearance showing the signs of long continued debauchery.

"Mister, see, I have no collar button! Please buy me one." He was almost on the verge of a delirium tremen attack, but upon buying him some black coffee and having him eat a little toast he became rational enough to confess that he had lost all his discharge pay as a soldier in gambling and had pawned everything he had for drink, even up to his most necessary

garments. I am afraid that the relief and caution I gave the poor fellow did him no good.

Unfortunately, during the Spanish-American war, a few of our American discharged soldiers on their larks in Shanghai and Hongkong, gave the natives very wrong impressions of what our race is, and our nationality was frequently discredited by a great many "beach combers," who really were not American.

One of the most wonderful sights of Hongkong is the view of the city from the harbor at night when the lines of light on the incline of the peak, together with those from the masts and sides of vessels, add to and become as it were a part of the brilliant constellation of the heavens, so that it is difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends. Looking upon their meandering points of light, to the accompaniment of falling water as it drains through the ship and ripples against its sides with now and then the swish of a Sampan, is indeed a delight. The lights of each building appear like gems set in jet as they shine in groups which confuse their own brilliancy by their equally bright reflection in the water, making a glorious maze of light which seems a part of the whole starry canopy of heaven.

In the early morning when reveille is sounded from one warship to another amid the sounds of the ship's bells until the mournful sound of taps is heard in the evening, the bay presents a wonderful scene of shipping activity. Great battle-ships, cruisers, tramp steamers, junks with scarred hulks and sails with a hundred patches, merchant craft from the uttermost parts of the world, all are here in this strange and wonderful scene of the East eternally joining the West. With each renewed visit it becomes more wonderful.

But equally marvelous as is the activity of the bay and the natural beauty of the peak is the display of commerce as shown in line after line of great *godowns*, as the warehouses are called, crowded with products of the Occident and the

Orient, which are ever endingly emptied and filled by great steamers lying at anchor but a stone's throw away.

There are a couple of miles or so of these *godowns*, their cavernous doors presenting interesting pictures of laborers working with bales, bags, bundles and mysterious jars containing everything from opium to preserved ginger.

Hongkong is a monument to the Chinese as well as the English. Take the Chinese away from Victoria and there is nothing left but a shell of authority. These *godowns* would be empty, these great ships would cease to throw their anchors into the depth of the harbor. So the British must not be unmindful of the fact that their real strength in the Orient can only come from the good will of the Chinese.

Here is an example of the unfortunate conditions that develop in Hongkong between the crown authority and the Chinese: Upon taking a tram on my arrival in Hongkong I was surprised to find that the cars were almost vacant, although the streets were crowded with rickshaws and pedestrians. Sometime previous the street car company had decided that it would be to its advantage to exact Hongkong currency in payment of fares, theretofore the fares having been paid in the general Chinese local currency. Since payment in Hongkong currency was at that time an exception to the general trade custom in Hongkong, the Chinese, considering it unjust, refused to patronize the street cars, which were thereafter run for some time at a very great loss, for the Chinese paid higher fares to ride in rickshaws or walked rather than submit to the seeming injustice of demonetizing their own currency. As an added complication and in further aggravation of the tramway bond and stockholders, Hongkong currency commenced to depreciate.

The issue was finally joined in such wise that the Hongkong authorities took steps to pass an order to impose a tax upon all Chinese property holders in the boycotted district in order to compensate the British stock and bondholders of the tram-

way company for the deficit caused by the boycott—a drastic proceeding which it is hard for one in the casual possession of the facts in a general way to justify.

Of course this authoritative action immediately dissolved the boycott, but it can be imagined in what spirit the Chinese accepted the inevitable.

The trouble with the government of England's colonies is that sometimes there is too much government and too little actual acquaintance with the people governed. The Anglo-Saxon may criticise the French, but I doubt if you could find a parallel example to the above illustration in the French colonies of the Orient or elsewhere. The Chinese cannot be governed as are the Indians. They must have a reason, and the reason must be a good one. Proud as an Anglo-Saxon of the great achievements of the British in the Orient, I take the liberty to make these passing remarks in the hope that, joined to the words of many others in this behalf, they may not be in vain.

In bright contrast with the heavy-handed policy of the authorities in Hongkong is the sensible level-headed international government in Shanghai. While Hongkong was suffering from a tramway boycott the Shanghai trams were loaded down with Chinese paying their fares in depreciated currency, to be sure, and cutting off prospects of dividends perhaps, but abiding by the business proposition that it is better to take the general average of continued profits than suffer the losses which may follow from an effort to enforce gains and profits.

I greatly hope that Hongkong, now in the zenith of its prestige, although suffering through Europe's war as a distributing center, will not commence to decline as the force of China's modernity is felt, and that the British crown policy will ever adapt itself to new conditions sufficiently to know the pulse of the new life of the East, in order that this bright gem of England's colonial crown will not lose its lustre.

CHAPTER XIII

MANCHU INFLUENCE ON CHINESE CITIES

Canton, when first I saw it, appeared to me as a great squirming nightmare in which the symbolism of human filth, moist and matted with the sweat of heavy labor, veiled as in a peat smoke the bent figures of gifted artists and dextrous artisans, carving the wonders of their arts and crafts from precious stones and costly woods.

The foul odors of repulsive alleys enveloped the sweet smell of sandalwood and the pungent odor of spices. The ghastly execution ground with decapitated heads gnawed by dogs, the charnel houses and the dreary dilapidated pagodas were in our round of visit, and as we went on, the pall of nakedness, suffering and hunger seemed to hang over us as the coolies labored around the sharp narrow corners of noisome streets, bearing our sedan chairs, to which we clung as to a bark of refuge, launched upon a stream of human misery.

Foochow I found had quite as many rags, but less of the crowding and of the raw, sick, hungry side of life. And there was the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages and the river expanse with its fresh air. Besides, I was becoming somewhat used to Chinese cities.

Shanghai shocked me by the contrast of its old city, sick, decrepit, diseased, already nearly a corpse, but shoulder to shoulder with the healthy, modern Occidental Shanghai. What a contrast of Occidental comfort and ease of the well fed, with the leprous sick and starving consumptives begging at their very elbows and still a thousand miles removed from any charity!

Amoy, my fourth Chinese city in point of acquaintance, made no new impression. My observation was dulled by the

spiritless monotony of it all. Of Amoy I only remember Kulang Su. Where else can such a spot be found? Kulang Su! the gem spot of the Chinese coast, the rough verdure grown rocks; the meandering line of its dainty island shore against which rises the impetuous tide which ebbs and flows by leaps and bounds, driving away with the sound of its rushing waters the squalor and filth of the city on the opposite shore. All the noisome atmosphere of Amoy is forgotten in the sweet and fragrant memory of Kulang Su.

And then after just these four cities my impressions did not seem to count for much, except in Peking, perhaps, which doesn't after all seem much like a Chinese city.

"Visit one and you have visited them all," says the old English commercial traveler who has followed the ways through the provinces for a generation.

"See Peking and Canton and you know all China," says another. And I must confess there is much truth in their assertions.

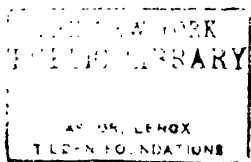
Why are all Chinese cities in such a dreadful filthy condition? No other city life could be more depressing. No, not even India, with all its vermin, sores, sickness and rags. Many times have I turned from scenes of Chinese city life, nauseated as from a dunghill of maggots. Where else must one suffer the stench of such a polluted air? Where else are the streets so steeped in filth or rags infested with vermin? And with all that can make life hideous in the crowding of the masses together, when a few minutes' walk would take them out of these dread surroundings to the fresh, free air of the country beyond the walls.

Many reasons can be given for the conditions as above described, and among the first the fact that the real art of making a sanitary city of upwards of a million inhabitants is an art that has only but recently been discovered.

Up to the time of the change from the Ming to the Manchu



Flowerly pagoda, Canton.



Dynasty, even the larger cities of Europe in some of their quarters would not have favorably stood a very close comparison, but that was at the end of the Ming Dynasty when they crowded cities all over the world and did but very little municipal sanitation, and a period at which we may roughly calculate the commencement of the feeble efforts to improve the crowded condition of cities in the Occident. Then came the Manchu Dynasty, whose only real imperial policy was to keep things in China everywhere exactly as they were, a policy that continued up to the moment that Yehonala, as Empress Dowager, with little Puy, stepped down from the throne.

The Chinese accepted the change from the Mings to the Manchus, believing that any change would be better than the continuance of internal factional strife. They accepted the Manchus as a mere temporary expedient, and in this connection I give the following legend as I had it from a high ranking Chinese official, and which I believe has never before been published:

After the acceptance by the Chinese of Manchu authority, Secretary Hung, an erudite Chinese of great political strength, was sought by the victorious Manchu Emperor to obtain his influence, the Emperor offering his daughter in marriage to the Secretary in order to obtain the benefit of his large personal following and knowledge of the affairs of state.

The Secretary, loyal to his nation and bemoaning the Chinese defeat, closed his eyes for fear that lest seeing the beautiful daughter of the Emperor he might fall in love with her and marry her. The daughter at her father's behest, however, prepared a drink of ginseng and approaching the place selected by the Secretary for his voluntary confinement, found him asleep. In the guise of a servant she waited upon the Secretary, according to this popular Chinese story, until finally throwing aside her veil she disclosed her rare and wonderful beauty. The Secretary, having become intoxicated with the

drugged ginseng became an easy victim to her charms and he gave her his promise of marriage.

As soon as he had realized the betrayal of his country's interest the Secretary became very despondent and bethought himself of some way to do his country a great good and of some means by which eventually he might bring about the downfall of the Manchus without, however, shedding blood, as his posterity by his marriage to the Manchu Princess might thereby suffer.

After long meditation he finally went to the Emperor, saying:

"I have one request to make before I enter heart and soul into your service."

The Emperor responded:

"Make whatever request thou wilt and it shall be granted thee."

"The request I would make," responded the Secretary, "is that an edict be issued prohibiting all marriages between Manchus and Chinese."

"Granted," responded the Emperor, and the edict was consequently promulgated.

Shortly afterwards the Manchus were scattered out into the cities and villages of every province of the whole Empire to preserve the authority of the Emperor. But being mere soldiers and having no opportunity to enter in trade by marriage with a Chinese wife, they soon gave themselves up to idleness, accepting whatever pay the government gave them for their needs. As the years rolled along they became more indolent and worthless and took no interest in their military drill and practice. Being obliged to marry Manchu wives, who were themselves unfamiliar with their surroundings, they naturally isolated themselves in the Manchu environment of their families, preserving their own customs, never engaging in trade or learning any art or craft. Poorer and poorer

they became from year to year. Their soldier's pay decreased to a mere pittance and they became the derision and the objects of contumely of the Chinese.

Thus was the great service done by the Secretary to his people, according to this quaint and somewhat kindergarten tale.

But it indicates in a popular way what actually did take place at the acceptance of the Manchus by the Chinese, the latter insisting upon and obtaining a highly penalized law prohibiting intermarriage between Manchus and Chinese.

The Manchus won China by the spear and the sword. It was the greatest triumph one people has ever gained over another—the conquest of the world's greatest empire in numbers and wealth. For two hundred and sixty-five years they ruled, and yet all the time the Chinese remembered the evil day of their subjugation, when the streets of the walled cities ran red with their blood in a Manchu revel of rapine and murder in which not even defenseless old men, helpless women and crying babes were spared the thrust of the spear and the cut of the sword. Yes, they remembered and Manchu rule was whipped away in the whirligig of time.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MISSION OF THE MISSIONARIES

Christian missionaries have played a more important role in the political development of China than in India, Africa or in any other field of their endeavor. They have also had a more difficult task there, all things considered, than elsewhere. They have been compelled to labor with the stigma of the opium trade placed upon them by the Chinese as well as being generally discredited by many of their own race. The Chinese have frequently looked upon them as being the political agents of the European governments, and they have commonly been called mischief makers, hypocrites and charged with all the shortcomings of the whole human race by their own compatriots.

But under all this abuse and criticism their work has been going forward. Much of the light of real progress came to China through the open doors of their humble meeting houses.

I do not want to idealize the missionaries of any creed or country. They are human and have made many mistakes. The educational standard of their ministry, particularly among the Protestants, has never been too high, but their work has been on the whole as near to the teaching of the Great Master as any religious work ever done by man. We must thank the American missionary and the American Y. M. C. A. for much of whatever good repute we, as Americans, enjoy in China.

The Chinese missionary was generally a religious zealot. He knew that the field was difficult and as far away as time and space could put it. Fear of sickness and danger and the dread of nostalgia never caused him to falter once he had undertaken his task. The rewards of his ministry were barely enough for his decent subsistence. The wife of a distinguished

writer on Chinese subjects told me that she was indeed glad that her husband would have some return from the sale of his books because they would have something thereby to give to their needy native poor. This man's salary was one thousand dollars per year, and that after forty years of devoted and splendid service.

The small salaries which they receive they eke out into a comfortable living, and by extreme economy are able to enjoy much of all that China has to offer, living perhaps better than many of the merchant adventurous class who, by reason of their habits and separation from their family, rarely possess the healthful home environment of the missionary. This last named soldier of fortune class, gathering about the bars and tables of their clubs and in the hotel buffets of the coast towns, frequently and graphically told passing strangers of the missionaries living on the fat of the land. I remember one fellow who had just returned from an up-country trip who declared that he had seen a missionary actually enjoying the rare sport of shooting pheasants from his bedroom window. This fellow was so befuddled in his drinks, however, that he could not locate the exact village of such a famous sporting district, his only response to all inquiries being that those "hypocritical missionaries get the best of everything and even shoot pheasants from their residence windows."

To a man such as this the sight of a fatigued and over-worked missionary, riding home in a private sedan chair, would be galling. His mind would not allow him to admit the existence of a true missionary who wasn't on foot.

But the missionaries have to live too much to themselves. With little intercourse with practical outside life, they turn to their testaments alone for instruction, doing themselves exactly what they preach the Chinese should not do—looking backward rather than forward for their models. They lead the life of two thousand years ago when they should be living the life

of today. Their public services are poorly attended and frequently by natives who have some axe to grind. Some tricky Chinese, who find themselves involved in the meshes of the law, join the church in order to get the benefit of missionary support. But with all the ulterior aims which prompt adherents to the missions by the Chinese the attendance still remains pitifully small. The great mistake thus made by our missions is in devoting too much time to the ritual—too much time in mere *words* of prayer rather than in practical efforts of evangelization. I would like to see what I consider the greatest opportunity of evangelization tried out and which I might call *trade evangelization*. *Trade evangelization* among the Chinese would do in a craft fashion what the medical missionaries have so wonderfully accomplished in a professional way. Think of a missionary blacksmith who, striking foreign iron as he worked at his foreign forge, could show his superiority as a craftsman and make himself an element of practical use among them. Such a man, soiled with his labor, could in a moment turn his blacksmith's shop into a prayer meeting and always find a large and respectful audience. Likewise, a carpenter missionary and representatives of all the other trades should have their opportunity to go forth into the world and preach the gospel of love to the accompaniment of their resounding instruments of toil. And as the different craft missionaries combine with their followings, they could establish their own model village in their own Christian environment, to the great elevation and the real interpretation of the lowly Nazarene. Industrial schools, model farms and trade schools, on a sound and substantial basis, would be the result of such missionary action. "But," say some timid ones, "the Chinese would not allow us to do that. They are jealous of their callings; riots would ensue and our lives might be in danger."

Nonsense! The Chinese is too anxious to be instructed in the betterment of his craft to oppose anyone who is willing to

teach him. Missionary work is always presumed to be without profit. This wonderful work—this great instruction and education—would be carried on with no idea of gain any more than the churches of the missions are themselves established for gain. Far from being jealous and offended, the different Chinese trades and crafts would, if the proposition were properly explained to them, gladly support such an undertaking. The Chinese themselves sometimes complain of the missionary because they say they all belong to the Mandarinate tribe, and that they are teachers of words rather than deeds. It is indeed surprising to think that with all the millions of Anglo-Saxon money poured out into missionary channels, there is hardly a single example that I know, of a substantial Christian industrial school or model farm.

Yes. This is the real mission of the missionary. Not that I wish in any way to derogate the effective work they have actually done, nor discourage them in further efforts for the evangelization of China, but the Chinese are too hard-headed and practical a people to be swayed by the mere emotion of apostolic teaching. They must ever have the hard kernel of reason. They want to know why Christianity is any better than the three great religions of their own country.

And to prove my assertion I have only to point with pride as an Anglo-Saxon to the greatest work that has ever been done in China by the missionaries—that of the medical missions, which have always worked from the very beginning right along these practical lines. The following shows the method of their evangelization:

Some old, dilapidated, vermin infested building, by dint of scrubbing and fumigating, is finally turned into some semblance of a place fit to treat the sick, to dress the wounds and give them the benefit of scientific, modern surgery and medicine. The practical Chinese, when they found that there was a bargain chance in the foreign devil's healing power, came for

cures. He made the acquaintance of the missionaries. He found them good and kind people. The good name of the healing place traveled far. Soon this pathetic pretext for a hospital which, with the poverty of its allowance had nothing but its cleanliness to recommend it, its staff living on an insufficient income, while fortunes were annually wasted in idle print, became the landmark, the chief point of local interest, of more curiosity than the execution ground itself. For it was there that the foreigners actually snuffed out a man's life to cut out a diseased part from his body and then, marvelous! restored him to life and sent him back well and whole among his fellows. The Chinese know as little of anatomy today as we ourselves did a couple of centuries ago, belonging still really to the ancient races and the only surviving contemporary of Assyria, Babylon and Egypt. Can we not imagine with what interest and alertness they awaken to the noonday light of modern science?

In this connection attention might again be called to the Chinese as well as the Egyptian belief that one of the first principles of obtaining happiness in this life is to so care for the body that at death it would, by good conduct and habits, still have been as little used by the spirit that inhabited it as possible. Confucius beautifully advocates this principle. Accordingly the Chinese, in that hope which always follows and encourages the sick, have never advanced in the practice of surgery.

A few cures on the part of the medical missionary immediately gave them such standing that thereafter their infirmaries and hospitals had all that they could do. The method of connecting the medical with the church work naturally followed, according to whatever means the circumstances of the case presented. Frequently bright colored cards, pleasing to women and children, with a prettily characterized text from the Bible with the remark that as soon as the text had been

committed to memory the card would be theirs, would be given out. Since the Chinese women and children have very few pretty things, the desire to own the card would incite the woman or child to the labor of learning the text, and thus was planted the first seed of Christian instruction.

Since the medical missionaries came into contact with the very poorest class of Chinese, their labors are particularly hard on account of superstition. A lady missionary doctor in Szechuan Province told me that frequently they have trouble in getting the very lowest, poorest type to take the preliminary bath as a prerequisite towards entering the hospital.

One day a girl afflicted with tuberculosis of the arm applied with her mother for treatment, and finally consented to an arm amputation, something the Chinese generally submit to only with very great reluctance. After leaving they returned shortly to inquire if it were needful to submit to a bath as well as the operation, and upon being answered in the affirmative they stated that they would not take the treatment, for the operation itself, said they, ought to be enough to cure. I myself believe, however, that the girl and her mother, after again considering the question of the operation, merely used the bath excuse in order to save their face in backing out of their agreement to submit to the dreaded operation.

It is unfortunate that most Chinese missionaries have only an opportunity to know a very small part of China itself. Generally they know nothing whatsoever of any other country except their own small environment in China. I have talked for hours with missionaries who have been for a score of years in China and who could give but little information upon any general Chinese subject, and then again the very best and most reliable information that I or anyone else has ever gleaned second hand in China has come from missionary sources. This difference is, of course, temperamental as well as due to the environment within which the respective missionaries pass their lives.

Yes, the missionaries in China have done much towards accomplishing their mission. They themselves represent the only representatives of the white race who have gone to China with the avowed intention of doing the Chinese good. They understood the Chinese alone and as no other of their race understood them. They discovered the inevitable truth early in their ministry that the Chinese are not an inferior race. They have never assumed the silly position of belonging to a superior race. They have treated the Chinese in most instances with dignity and kindness without sycophancy or adulation. Compare the sensible conduct of the missionary with that of the ordinary Anglo-Saxon permanent resident in secular calling and you will find that the missionary will not suffer by the comparison. As an illustration of this I might tell what I heard in the Shanghai United States' postoffice recently. The wife of one of the leading Anglo-Saxon traders who had been in China for nearly a generation, came into the postoffice and never seemed to be able to sufficiently designate, by the appellation of "boy," the very intelligent, high grade Chinese clerk who had charge of the sale of stamps.

"Boy, how much does this weigh? Boy, how many coppers for a stamp? Boy, put this in the box. Is it registered, boy?"

All this of course did not sound at all silly to her, for with a grand I-have-been-here-twenty-years sort of a look she swept out of the office with a final volley of "boy."

The missionaries' personal respect for the Chinese has contributed largely to the success of their labor.

A word should here be said of another class of missionaries who, collaborating with the missionaries of all other denominations, serve to bring about marvelous results along the practical lines I have before suggested. Their work is indeed bringing in from the vineyard the full two hundredfold. Yes, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association is now showing its way from all parts of China up to the very gates of

its institutions. No exaction of creed or belief is made, and the Chinese come to them by thousands.

The organization is particularly careful in sending only clean-cut, straightahead men with a common sense, normal standard which quickly popularizes them with the Chinese who are allowed as soon as competent to take over the work for themselves, the boards of all the fully organized groups being made up entirely of Chinese.

"What are you going to make of your boys?" I recently asked a Chinese.

"I am going to give them a European education," he proudly responded. "I want them to learn English and all the mathematics with stenography and bookkeeping so that they may work up as modern business men."

The remark rather puzzled me for I knew that his means were precariously small for such a program.

He read my thought and then continued:

"Yes, even I, a poor man, can afford to educate my sons because now we have the Y. M. C. A. They teach them everything, even to X-Ray pictures of soldiers' wounds."

In a Peking shop I was surprised at the excellent English used by a rather old Chinese, and upon complimenting him he responded:

"Yes, I have learned a little. But it was hard then—hard in the old days when we did not have the Y. M. C. A. Then, to learn English, we had to go to the missions where all we learned was religion and language, although all was free and kindly taught by the few teachers. But now the Y. M. C. A. teaches a language or trade as easy as showing moving pictures."

The Young Men's Christian Association has the great advantage of not being considered in any way a missionary enterprise. There is a *quid pro quo* exaction in their work. The Chinese generally look with suspicion upon anything offered free. It is related that an American salesman, trying to in-

troduce some novelty in China, went into a shop where he tried to ingratiate himself by giving out complimentary cigars, and he was chagrined as he left the shop to hear one of the group say:

"Better not smoke it. There is something wrong with such cigars or he wouldn't have given them to us."

"Pay for what you get" is the Chinese way of looking at things, and that is the way the Young Men's Christian Association with its business way becomes so attractive to them. The following incident will illustrate:

An American came to me saying that he had subscribed a certain sum to a Y. M. C. A. building fund, but that reverses prevented him from adhering to his original subscription. The attorney, who was also a director of that particular local organization, had written him a letter demanding payment and threatening to sue if it was not paid. To a request for leniency the response came:

"We can't let him off on that excuse. He subscribed and will have to pay."

Subsequently, however, when I had fully explained the situation the delinquent subscriber was released from immediate payment. I could not but admire the strong business attitude which characterizes the incident—an attitude which is eminently successful in China.

The popular lecture work in China by the Y. M. C. A., particularly those illustrated is accomplishing great results as well as their athletic departments, which are preaching a gospel of health and strength which will eventually restore the natural lustiness of Chinese physique so long neglected in the crowded, noisome city, walling out the air and gathering in the shadows and gloom.

CHAPTER XV

THE ASSEMBLING OF A NATION

No political movement of the world's history seems to me to be more wonderful than the peaceful gathering together of all the scattered parts of the Chinese realm heretofore isolated and divided by the conditions of their despotic control, but now in common representation under a central impulse being galvanized in the whole enormous body politic to a sudden and certain activity for the good of all.

"The Manchus did not oppress the people," said one of the Chinese national delegates to me. "The Manchus were simply rotten. We are anxious to cleanse the furthestmost corners of our Republic. Of course it will take time, but eventually we will do it. We have ways of killing graft unknown to the Occident. China is a great country and time alone will bring out our great natural leaders. And as good leadership goes up, so graft and squeeze will go down. China is a hard country to put in motion, it is so enormous. But when it is once started it will go on to the end of time."

Everywhere this demand for honest and competent leaders is manifest. I listened to a clean-cut young Chinese making a vehement appeal to an attentive audience of Cantonese.

"With good leaders our Republic will succeed. But not only must our leaders be honest, we, as citizens, must likewise be honest."

It is with such common natural sense as this that the Chinese start out on their new reform.

And the wonder of it all is that the Chinese do not take their change of government in any exuberance of excitement. To them it seems as natural as water flowing out of a fountain, for they have always been democratic individually and express no wonder that they should be so collectively.

I asked a rickshaw coolie in the Shanghai French Concession about what he thought of the fall of the Dynasty. I thought that such a mere casual change from Dynasty to Republic might have little interest for this poor chap whose ambition was centered in the single great and absorbing question of getting enough to eat, and who would probably have defined heaven as a place where he could get all the food he wanted. Anyhow, I wanted to find out if he knew anything about it, and mentally reduced my pidgeon English and broken Mandarin Chinese to such forms as he could grasp. Then, finally pointing at his head, I said:

"Why have you cut your queue?"

His face broadened into a grin as he responded:

"No more ddragon! Now got five color banner."

"Is the five colored banner better than the dragon?" I asked.

"Yes," he said between his grins. "Lebels make better. Manchu bad. Me belong five color banner! Me glad lebel."

The chap evidently had a very keen idea of patriotism for, going through the Chinese city, whenever we passed one of their newly equipped policemen he would look at me and then at the policemen as it were to prove the great progress made for the people by the five colored banner.

Those who claim that the Chinese coolies are not intelligent enough to know or to care about government should watch with what understanding they inform themselves concerning the movements of the late revolutionary conflict. I believe the Chinese coolie, all things considered, does about as much average original thinking on his own account and relies as much for his daily bread upon the action of his own brain as any similar class of laborers in the world. He is unwashed but not unthinking.

Looking over the rail of a Yangtse steamer towards Chin-kiang, a thirty-year resident of China said to me:

"How do you suppose a Republic can be made with soldiers who, without surgeons, are required to heal their own wounds? How can a Republic ever be made out of that?" and he pointed to a stream of soiled, ragged, barelegged coolies pounding along under their heavy loads calling the step to each other as they strained forward.

"The best stuff in the world," I responded. "China at the bottom has always been democratic; only the buttons of the Mandarinate have been despotic and Chinese democracy too," I added, "does not have feet of clay nor body of straw. Republics are born from labor and industry, no matter how low the surroundings, and the Chinese are not only nationalists but patriots. As long as there is any patriotic impulse and an ability to handle the gun, honesty on the part of the governing authority can make a Republic out of them which the whole world is bound to respect. And then," I added, "did you know that China abolished the Feudal System in the third century before Christ?"

Yes, the Chinese are indeed capable of forming a Republic. I sometimes think as I watch their independent ways in the midst of the teeming multitudes—presenting all conditions and classes, trades and callings, without any jar or friction between them, because everyone respects the rights of the other—that they are, after all, a Republic in fact as well as in name and have been such for centuries, Imperial domination being merely nominal.

But the mere form of Chinese government does not perhaps matter so much after all, for the race and its traditions will be there regardless of how you denominate the form of government. China is bound to advance under any government which is honest. Even though China were parceled out among the sextuple group of Europe and made a part of their territorial aggrandizement, the Chinese would still go forward as an integral nation, regardless of foreign political

control, for they are a pure race and will maintain their racial integrity despite any condition of government that is not dishonest and oppressive.

"Well," someone may say, "that is all very well, but every Chinese wants to have his own way and he wants a Republic because he thinks that under that form of government he will have more of his own way than under any other."

I would respond to this query, "Hasn't he had it for several thousand years? That shows that he is of superior stuff for a Republic. He has never been a serf. With him there has been no hereditary nobility, only the Emperor, who was responsible to heaven for the welfare of every Chinese. What greater traditional independence than this can elsewhere be found?"

There are some who say that a Republic is a most complicated form of government and that the Chinese were unwise in selecting it.

This I do not believe. Of course the petty Republics of Central and South America are complicated affairs in that they merely reflect the intrigues of partisanship with continual bloodshed. But a Republic, such as we know it in America, is not really complicated but only seems so because of the large interests taken in public affairs by its citizens. I believe that no other form of government could have been more favorable to the early development of China.

There are some old European residents who say:

"The Chinese will never be satisfied under a Republic. For centuries they have looked upon the Emperor as the Son of Heaven. They must have their Son of Heaven."

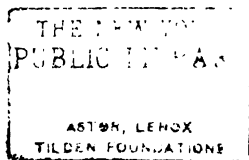
I dismiss such an assertion, carrying with it as it does the foolish supposition that the Chinese are incapable of reasoning.

China has a great deal to contend against in bringing about her reforms. Owing to the independence of the Chinese, enforcement of the law was always a hard matter unless its reason was apparent. Then again the Mandarinate, in their



One of Soochow's bridges.
A Soochow pagoda.

Three storied roof anchoring whole
structure.
Gateway to a Nabob's compound.



bureaucracy control since time immemorial, will require a lot of discipline and perhaps entire dismissal from office before reforms are accomplished. The grip of the Mandarinate upon the masses has been unrelenting. Take this for example:

Pretty much all over China the Mandarins would put an embargo against the importation of rice as soon as the crop was harvested so that the farmer who needed his money was compelled to sell to the merchants at a very low local price. As soon as the merchants were in possession of all the rice the embargo would be raised and the merchants would then export or sell the rice locally at a very large profit.

But even with all this the Chinese officials knew that they might be amenable at any time to the classes they represented. Instances are very common where the merchants of a whole city have closed their shops, together with a cessation of labor on the part of all the trades and crafts, as a protest against the enforcement of an unpopular measure.

A few years ago in the town of Yengtak near Seontefou the shopkeepers in the whole town quietly closed their shops to express their protest against the enforcement of a certain decree, and the shops so continued closed to the great hardship of all; but since it was largely an agricultural community the action of the shopkeepers was withstood for a long time until the dead commenced to accumulate. Then the need of coffins was most direfully felt, for all Chinese consider their dead entitled to a decent burial. Hence the authorities were obliged to abandon the enforcement of the law in order to open the undertaking establishments and the other shops generally were thus likewise opened.

The Chinese themselves do not underestimate the great labor attendant upon their reforms. They are entitled to look to the other civilized nations of the earth for assistance in bringing about the new conditions of things on a program as grand as has ever been conceived by the mind of man.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CHINESE ABROAD

I do not mean by the Chinese abroad the immigrants of whom I have spoken in a previous chapter, but rather those who sojourn passingly in foreign countries with the other human flotsam and jetson of the world's great cities.

I do not think that *wanderlust* is developed as an emotion among the Chinese as with us. The Chinese have not as yet learned the joys of traveling for pleasure. No matter what the wealth of a Chinese may be, he prefers to enjoy every penny of it in his home town. But if there is any *wanderlust* among them it would be looked for among the women. Chinese women are not as fearful as our own; the lower classes do not fear to go anywhere alone. I once with great astonishment saw a young Chinese woman stumping along through the crowds which were waiting for the departure of the train from Patras to Olympia, Greece, her head thrown back, her smiling mouth showing two lines of white teeth, a queenly looking creature in spite of the tatters of her faded blue gown and trousers. With her two babies she was following her way around the world, maintaining herself and little ones by the sale of fans which she manufactured herself. This is the only Chinese nomad woman I have ever seen between the Adriatic and Singapore. Of course there are practically no Chinese in most parts of India, for the Chinese is really better off in his own country than in that sad land of beggary and lack.

Outside of the students, who are likewise not numerous, there are not many real Chinese in Paris, although the Annamites and other Indo-Chinese are sometimes seen. A very popular restaurant in the Latin quarter on the Boulevard

Montparnasse sometimes brings about reunions of the more prominent Chinese, hungry for some of their own "home cooking" which, by the way, is not always appreciated by the students of the quarter, one of whom, an American artist, came to me saying:

"I have just tried that *Restaurant Chinois* on the Boulevard Montparnasse. They gave us *nids d'hirondelle pour potage champignone de mer de Chine* and *champignons rouge*, and then when I was about to ask them when they were going to bring on the real food they presented me with a bill for twenty francs which I paid and went out to the nearest *bouillon* eating house to get some real nourishment."

I explained to him that he had ordered the most expensive items on the bill of fare, and he was rather more indulgent in overlooking what he considered an extortion when I told him of the cliffs of Peñon in the Philippines where some of this bird's nest gelatin is gathered and at what great risks.

There is quite a little settlement of Chinese in London down in the neighborhood made famous by Jack the Ripper's terrible crimes of years ago, but as I strolled through the quiet streets I felt that certainly nothing could be more clean and orderly than that little quarter with its Chinese shops and dark hallways into which flitted in and out the mysterious figures of Chinese. Most of these sons of Cathay are stokers or seamen who come up from Liverpool or the London docks to enjoy this little glimpse of their home life before continuing again on some far-off journey.

This Limehouse Causeway-Pennyfield-Chinese district is unique as being the smallest colony of the greatest people in the world's most populous city. The Chinese never go where they are not wanted, and they are neither needed nor wanted in London in any other capacity save as students who, paying their way liberally, form a considerable and increasing element in the great English city.

The Limehouse Settlement back from the Bernardo Homes and the Whitechapel District with its Sidney Street and slum quarters are, indeed, pathetic confessions of English and Chinese poverty, but both races seem to vie with each other in the immaculate appearance of their shops and rooming houses. "Lodging for respectable men 6d," "Clean shaving 1d," and other similar signs show the character of this odd and to me the strangest of all quarters in London, where the soft, light foot-fall of the Chinese is heard as he rubs elbows in the narrow winding walks with the British.

"What do you think of the Chinese about here?" I asked of a keeper of a "pub," for only British are allowed to keep "pubs" in Limehouse District.

"All right. They leave us alone and we leave them alone. I've been here for over thirty years—that was when they first commenced to come—and have never known them to bother anyone," he answered.

No, the little London Chinese Colony never bothers. It is just a homesick rest place of the stokers and stewards who have followed on their way, two long months' journey between their home land and England. You see them together, the steward and the fireman, and it is hard to tell one from the other, each with his unsoiled hands. Both are adapted and equally intelligent in both occupations. One just happens to be a steward and the other just happens to be a stoker.

"They stand the 'eat orful good!" exclaimed a British subject as I lingered in the "pub," he looking admiringly at the half crown I threw upon the bar.

Conscious of my obligation in the proffer of sociability I invited him and the others present to join me in soda water, anticipating a perfect volley of interesting information concerning the Chinese from the Limehouse Britisher's point of view. But in this I was doomed to disappointment, for the only information which I could get from the bibulous resi-

dents was to the effect that "them Chinyemen stands the 'eat of the fires orful good."

Somewhat disappointed in my search for information, I inquired of the busy busman on the way home, who volunteered:

"Yes, you never have to worry about the Chinese. They give us their penny or their two pennies and we never have to worry about getting them off when their fare is up. We gets in lots of troubles over our fares. We're supposed to know where the passenger ort to get off, for otherwise a man could pay one penny and ride two pennies' worth. I wish the Jews would take lessons from the Chinyemen. The Jews give us a penny and try to ride two pennies' worth, but the Chinese get off when their penny ride is done."

Yes, it is a strange sight, Limehouse Causeway at night! Not remarkable, merely odd and strange, with narrow winding streets and the lights of the public houses shining out foggily with here and there a lonely shop or restaurant. And then the lodging houses, from which come neat, clean looking Chinese, some of whom have worked long and painfully before the blazing furnaces of world girdling ships; others from Liverpool just for the trip to the great city, but ever with the thought of the far-away Cathay, their country, where some day they will be telling stories of the wonders they have seen in London Town, just as our own Jack Tars used to bring home their tales of far-away China.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CHINESE AS THE BROWN MAN'S GUIDE

Giving the Spaniards full credit for their colonization and commercial exploitation of the Philippines, the fact will eventually be established in history that the Chinese before, during and after Spanish occupancy did far more for raising the standard of the inhabitants of those islands.

I recall during the dark days of the reconcentration of Batangas Province asking a prominent Filipino, one of the few high officials of pure native blood:

"What in your opinion is the best way of stopping this warfare against American occupation?"

He hesitated a moment, took out his handkerchief, gracefully flicked off from his immaculate shirt front some imaginary dust, refolded and then carefully replaced his handkerchief, and then leaning toward me in that confidential way which is a characteristic of the race, said in a low voice:

"The Chinese! Suseñoria! The Chinese! Sir! They alone can bring that industry and law abidingness which will overcome the idleness and profligacy of my own race."

He leaned back as though overcome by the very audacity and disloyalty of his assertion, and then added in a still lower voice:

"But say nothing about my confession, for if the truth in my heart were known I would be *asesinato*! I would be killed!"

Shocked as I was at his confession of racial failure and opprobrious as it seemed to me at the time, before I had gone through half of my six years in the Philippines I became absolutely convinced that he was right.

What the Chinese have done for the Straits Settlement

and without taking away a single chance from the natives, they could in even a larger measure do for the Philippines and to the great betterment of the condition of its inhabitants.

The Chinese are the only people who preserve intact their physical powers and endurance over any considerable period of residence in the tropics. They are likewise the only people who continue their manner and method of life from one generation to another entirely independent of the other races among whom they may live. The Filipinos as one of the weaker races are particularly influenced by the dominating race to the full extent of their ability to imitate. They are purely a child of nature people whose whole ambition would today probably still be concentrated in their fishing nets, their coco groves and rice paddies had they not been awakened to a higher standard of living by the Chinese immigrants who, from the earliest period of their history, came and went from their shores only distant from Southern China a scant half thousand miles. Although Indian influence is claimed by reason of the large number of Sanscrit roots in the prevailing Filipino languages or rather dialects, such influence is purely linguistic.

Whatever the Filipino knows today of the trades and crafts, outside of his own rude arts and manufactures, the Chinese has taught him. About the only educational achievements of the Spaniard among them were the introduction of his language, his music and his religion. The very churches and convents, sometimes wonderfully massive and pretentious, were built not by the natives nor the Spaniards but by the Chinese artisans who came over from China to ply their trades during a dozen or so profitable years, and who then, with the reward of their labor, returned to their own country. With these artisans came large numbers of Chinese merchants, cooks, barbers and general purveyors to their needs, for these men of brain and brawn of the walled cities of China looked with contempt upon the rude, primitive, half savage way of Filipino

living, without even the elegance of the chop stick to relieve the disgusting promiscuous fingering of the food from a common dish. Such men as they had to be followed by their own purveyors of comfort, and it was generally these purveyors and not the skilled craftsmen anxious to get back to their families at home who lingered and fell willing victims to the propinquity of Filipino women.

But even though the best of those early Chinese immigrants did not often become the father of families, the children of the weaker sort of them immediately showed an improvement upon the native strain until today, although derisively called "*Chino Mestizo*," they really represent the preponderance of all Filipino intelligence.

Envy is the greatest of all motives in engendering racial hatred, and the Chinese, like the Jews, were continuously persecuted and even massacred by the wholesale. The sons, grandsons and great grandsons of Chinese, in an effort to prove their loyalty to the other side of their origin, were among the first to lead in these frequent bloody onslaughts against the Chinese.

Even today the Chinese is an object of envy in the Philippines, and it was in recognition of this envy that we passed our unjust and ridiculous Chinese exclusion act in the Philippines—a piece of legislation that raised a barrier against the only real development that can ever come to those islands, for whatever advance the Filipino will make under our domination will be more of the literary sort rather than the practical advance of agriculture which is the only resource of that country at the present time. A mere literary progress means more mischievous leaders, more revolutions and less opportunity for the natives who, dwelling along the distant seashores and remote mountain districts, are still practically in the same state as they were in the days of Magellan.

Some day restrictions against the admission of the Chinese will be removed and in the meantime the natives will have

to depend almost entirely upon those forty thousand who still remain in the islands for much of their practical advancement. I do not wish to discredit our attempt at trade teaching in those far distant islands. I will merely cite an instance, leaving you to judge of the effect.

. In 1907 a trade school had been established in Batangas, capital of Batangas Province, for three years, a time sufficient to teach some one of the several trades to at least a sufficient number of natives to supply the artisan demand of the city in which the school was located, but at the end of that time if anyone had any work to be done, from the making of a key to the repair of an iron roof, there was only one man in the town to go to. He was an ancient Chinese, a jack-of-all-trades. The children laughed at him when he passed along the streets with his grotesque back doubled over with two score years of the hardest sort of labor. A couple of natives would follow him carrying his tools, but when he came to the place where he was needed he was the only one who knew how to use them, and a crowd would always gather to watch him at his labor. They called him the "*snail*" because of his great bent-up body, but I know from personal experience that during the whole six years that I regularly held court in that city of fifty thousand that he was the only man I could find to repair an iron trunk or mend a latch.

Yes, the Chinese are needed in the Philippines!

If the law would admit them their good humor and conciliatory natures would soon put them on a friendly footing with the natives, to the great betterment of the Filipinos. The influence of Chinese industry would penetrate back to the remotest recesses of the mountains where the half tutored *Tao* native, struggling to drag a livelihood with his rude tools from the bountiful lap of nature, would welcome his approach as a competent and kind master in directing his energy. The two races assimilate readily and once the political status of

both was made equal they would work together in harmony, to the great betterment of the weaker race.

History will prove the truth of this assertion after we have ceased blundering and trying to beat back the waves of Chinese population which must, as sure as water seeks its level, eventually break upon the shores of those islands so long neglected by the hand of industry.

CHAPTER XVIII

AN ASIATIC MELTING POT

It seems almost wicked to say that the real salvation of the Filipino people lies in their miscegenation with the Chinese and the consequent creation of a new race. But such is actually the case, as can be proven by the actual experience of such miscegenation.

The Filipinos, and by the designation I mean all the inhabitants of the islands who are not of the negro type, are wonderfully lacking in any heavy mental effort. They make good musicians, have a propensity for literature and even art, but the demands of practical life and much of the activity which they have shown has been under the leadership of those who were part Chinese. The Chinese infusion of blood among them is comparatively large, but not as much as would have been the case had not the Spaniards, by massacres and the Americans by exclusion laws, prevented them from galvanizing the weaker race by the new forces of their stronger natures. As before remarked the Chinese, as a pure race, have a wonderful effect upon building up the less pure. Even rare cases of miscegenation with the negro have demonstrated that even that race is not immune from the benefit, from a mental standpoint, of the Chinese admixture. The white race alone, because of its even greater remoteness from the yellow race than from the negro, does not succumb to such miscegenation.

The Filipinos owe, as we have before noticed, more to the Chinese than to the Spaniards or the Americans for their instruction in the crafts, trades and the calling of commerce and what little they have of industry. Even the garments which they wear today have been copied from the Chinese, the shirt

being yet called *La camisa chinesca* and the common footwear *Chinelas*. All the native artisans use their tools as do the Chinese. Their languages all over the Archipelago are infused with Chinese words and, in spite of the activity of the friars in suppressing them, many of the still surviving native customs show themselves to be a counterpart of those of the Chinese.

There is very much that is likeable in the native Filipino. Find him where you will he is attractive in his personality and if it would be possible for him to live on in his almost idle enjoyment of life, none would begrudge him his existence if he did not occupy a most wonderfully rich chain of island countries which the rest of humanity will ultimately exact from him in case he can not defend his right to it by his own labor and industry.

But that time will come, and perhaps sooner than he expects: the time when the Filipino will have to give an account of his stewardship of his islands, and failing to prove his right to them a few generations will be sufficient to place him among the races of yesterday.

How then can he save himself from this eventual extermination? By doing what he has always done in the past—by miscegenating even when the white man interfered with him and denied him the right by affiliating and harmonizing with the Chinese and in following their guidance. The consequent result of the intimacy of the two races is miscegenation and the gradual upbuilding of the Filipino race into a part Chinese type, particularly adapted to maintain its place as a virile although tropical people. By this natural development every single member of the race would be benefited and none injured, for the change of course could only be effected in several generations.

As it is at the present time, the full blooded Filipino has but little chance against his Chinese Mestizo brother who takes

to himself nearly all the offices of emolument in politics and dominates trade life generally.

During six years of active and comprehensive life in the Philippine provinces, I have never yet seen, among thousands, a Chinese Mestizo who was a debtor slave—*aparcero*, as a dependent laborer on shares is called—for they are the masters, not the creatures, of the whole situation by reason of their superior intelligence and activity. This is one of the reasons why the friars frowned upon Chinese immigration. They did not wish the standard of the Filipinos to be raised as a menace against their own authority.

The commercial advantage accruing to the United States in repealing the exclusion laws would be very great. It would transform the Philippines into a center of intense activity, developing its rich resources and greatly benefiting the natives as well as giving us a well merited though long delayed return for the five thousand American lives and the millions which we have spent in putting the islands on a peace footing.

In addition to this it would bring us the great gratitude of the Chinese people who are stifling under present conditions to find an outlet for their energy.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FUTURE RELIGION OF CHINA

I shall never forget the enthusiastic forecasts made by a friend, an American missionary born in China of missionary parents, in regard to the permanency of the Christian religion in China. We were driving on through the ruins of the old Manchu city of Nankin when he pointed at the scenes of desolation about him and said:

"See, everything is razed to the ground and but a few months ago the *rulers* lived here! Now they are gone forever and the greatest obstacle to Christian progress in China has by the hand of God been thrust away!"

"Do you think that the Chinese now will generally accept Christianity?" I asked.

"Why not?" he responded with fervor. "China is a land of alien faiths. It can almost be said not to have one of its own. Taoism is but a superstition, Buddhism mere imported mysticism and Confucianism a waning philosophy. Christianity is the only real religion they have ever known, and they are not at all an irreligious people," and his eyes shone with the fervor of a prophet in his belief.

It may be here stated that Confucianism is not a religion in that it puts forth no divinity and teaches nothing of life after death, thus not conflicting with Christianity in its essence and in fact supporting it from the basis of practical ethics and morality. The trouble from our viewpoint with Confucianism is that the Chinese would use it as a substitute for Christianity. Otherwise we might be more tolerant in admitting that adherence to Confucianism, were it brought down to the present day's demands by interpretation, would in a measure qualify one for the exactions of Christianity. As a political

sage Confucius taught that every man, regardless of his social station, high or low, was accountable for good government.

I will quote without comment from the mandate issued in the matter of the so-called "Worship of Heaven," the following translation by a correspondent of the Associated Press being taken as correct:

"Religious liberty is observed throughout the world. Our Republic is composed of five races—Chinese, Manchus, Mongolians, Mohammedans and Thibetans—and their historical traditions differ. Their religious beliefs are difficult therefore to unify. It would not be easy to adopt a state religion, for such a step might be contrary to the wishes of the people. But sacrifices offered at the proper seasons to the ancient saints and sages, as prescribed in the laws of the late Ching Dynasty, did not touch the question of religion. Since they are not in conflict with a republican form of government, they should be continued as a token of respect on the part of the succeeding generations."

But what *will* be the future religion of China?

There probably will never be any one faith accepted by them all, for their long observed religious liberty and independence of thought will develop much divergence of belief. The nine classics, which for twenty centuries have been to them what the Bible has been to us, will of course indefinitely continue its influence.

The great moulding influence of the future religions of China will be the sermon on the mount and the beautiful and heart reaching story of the gentle Galilean "who went about doing good." Yes! That will be the influence—following Christ's living example—for the Chinese are not affected by thoughts of rewards and punishments in the hereafter as are we, a more emotional race. I doubt if a sincere convert can be made among the Chinese by threatening him with hell fire and torments. It is the reward of present good conduct which

appeals to his heart and reason. The whole foundation of the philosophy of Confucius rests upon the simple theory that it pays to be good. Confucius, deploring the fact that man could not look beyond the grave, taught that human happiness consisted not in trying to reach out to the unknown but to be in harmony with the known and to perform every obligation toward the family and do good to fellow men.

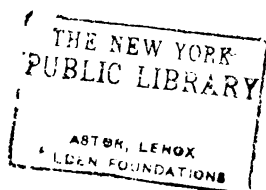
It strikes me that there is something of what I might term biological immortality in Confucian philosophy, and this speculation is confirmed by the conduct of the higher classes of Chinese. It may be expressed as follows:

"Man does not know what he was before he was born—why then should he pretend to know what he will be when he is dead? He knows, however, that the blood of his forbears still courses through his veins, just as he hopes that his own blood will, when he is cold in death, still warm the natures of his children. Now, whatever of evil he does will likewise, descending into the lives of his children, live on; so therefore he should shun evil and hold only unto the good that he himself may be rendered happier by being ever reminded of the good which he is doing his descendants."

Religious changes sometime lead and shape political changes. It is an encouraging sign that old Chinese temples are being turned into schoolhouses over which Christian missionaries preside. Confucius can still be their sage when Christ is their Savior.



Chien Men Street, Peking. Digitized by Google
Camel caravan, Peking.



CHAPTER XX

THE ILLUMINATION OF CHOP SUEY

Nearly all of the last American generation's actual knowledge of the Chinese came from the laundry, and now it is the chop suey restaurant which has usurped its place as a general intelligencer of Cathay and its people. I remember as a lad treasuring the acquaintance of the village laundryman and ecstatically enjoying the confidences of his almost unintelligible English as he sputtered water out over the freshly washed clothes.

After the laundryman came the cook with his chop suey restaurant, at first a rather dubious affair as an all night eating place on the edge of the levee district, and then finally showing its curved roof balcony in the very midst of the most expensive leaseholds.

And with it came the first Chinese *rapprochement*, for the multitudes of American customers, far from finding that Chinese food was unpalatable and dangerously promiscuous in the choice of meats, was really toothsome and gratifying to hitherto undiscovered nerves of the palate. The sensible idea of letting the cook finish his work completely by carving and cutting the food up in the kitchen before sending it in for service was a revelation to many who had always believed it to be their duty to assist the cook by doing his carving and cutting. Many believed that the restaurants took their name from the chopping and carving of the food before it was brought on, but the word *chop* in this instance does not correspond even to pidgeon English, but is a corruption of *Cha*, meaning something to drink, and *Sui*, spelt suey, meaning something to eat, and thus you have in the combination of chop suey the full

fledged indication of a place where things to drink and to eat are provided.

But in the chop suey restaurant of today as in the laundries of yesterday but little real idea of China is to be had. I have been in many, very many, Chinese restaurants in real China, and I have never known any that seemed much like the Chinese restaurants at home. In the first place they are overelaborate and finer than you will ordinarily find in China, but without the little artistic touches that gratify the Chinese aesthete. But they are larger, roomier, costlier and incidentally much cleaner than anything to be usually found in any part of China, even including the private quarters of the most opulent and extravagant Mandarin, for public eating places are not patronized in China in even a small degree as they are in America.

But out of these chop suey restaurants are growing important businesses which will in some instances be very large. A railway official showed me an invoice recently where the transportation charges from China amounted to over two thousand dollars on a single consignment. The chop suey catering companies nearly all do a general jobbing business, and it is through their channels perhaps that the new Chinese-American trading companies will naturally form themselves. Nearly all the share owners in the restaurants in all parts of the United States are Cantonese or Fukienese, the waiters and some of the cooks being Korean who are in nowise to be put in the same category as the Chinese.

CHAPTER XXI

AMERICAN COMMERCE IN CHINA

An American, a number of years ago, went to Shanghai with a consignment of goods to see what could be done in opening up trade with the Yangtse Valley. He called upon the Chinese merchant who was the first on his list and carefully went over the details of a proposition to introduce the goods. The Chinese merchant imperturbably listened to the details of the proposition, the American salesman being somewhat down-cast at the little show of response made by his hoped-for customer whom he believed, by his apparently indifferent manner, would abruptly refuse to buy.

Much to his surprise and delight, however, the Chinese, after thinking awhile, calmly said:

"Very well, I will take all you have."

Since this would leave the salesman without any of his large consignment left, and with a couple of months of idleness before him in waiting for new supplies, he explained the situation to his new found customer who consented to take a certain percentage of the goods he then had and wait for the balance of his order. The salesman joyfully proceeded to the second name on his list. Here again the proposition was made without indication of favorable response. When he was through, however, this Chinese merchant also said:

"Good, I will take the whole lot."

Thus as the salesman went about he found that he could have sold many times the amount of his original consignment. He carefully adhered to his contract with the Chinese, guarding carefully against any possible misunderstanding, and even-

tually with the help of others, established a very large business all over China.

The Chinese are good business men. They come to conclusions slowly, never attempt anything beyond them, and in very unpretentious surroundings buy and sell large quantities of goods. They consider an offer carefully and then refuse or accept it at once. Ordinarily there is no bargaining or attempt to beat down the price. They are satisfied with small profits on a large volume of trade. The solvency of a Chinese merchant is more easily ascertained than with us, because they balance up their accounts with each Chinese New Year and any insolvency is thus quickly detected. They know no bankruptcy courts. No greater disgrace can befall a Chinese than failure in business. They are extremely cautious in all their undertakings, but will not hesitate to take a chance when the loss is so small that it will not affect their solvency.

The *comprador*—meaning in Portuguese, buyer—system has its advantages and its drawbacks. As advantages it solves both the question of agents' commission and provides a rather impartial witness to every transaction. The *comprador* adds his own commission to the price offered to the seller or buyer. For instance, if a firm offers ten thousand yards of cotton at ten cents per yard to the total price of one thousand dollars, the *comprador* will add fifty dollars or one hundred dollars for his own services.

The great disadvantage of the *comprador* is the fact that he continually stands between the European or American trader and the Chinese. One of the reasons given by the British as to why they do not more commonly learn Chinese is that the *compradors* would not be so open in their dealings as agent and interpreter if they knew that the British principal understood their conversation, for neither buyer nor seller ordinarily knows what the commission of the *comprador* is. However, judging by the wealth many *compradors* acquire in a com-

paratively short time, it must indeed be very large while at the same time acting as a depressing influence on the commercial transactions of the two peoples.

One of the first essentials of commercial success in China is a knowledge of the Chinese language which, considering the extreme difficulty of learning to read and write it, is comparatively easy of colloquial acquirement. For Chinese, not being a highly declined and inflected language, is learned much as English by stringing one word on after another with little grammatical form and arrangement. The pronunciation of the Mandarin does not present any greater difficulties than the French, the "tones" being comparatively easy of acquirement by the average ear. The Chinese themselves are very quick to catch meanings, and are very indulgent in overlooking the faults of the beginner's attempts. Even the common street language as spoken in Peking is wonderfully clear, soft and mellow toned, the words being uttered with a clear metallic timbre very different from the more vociferant tones of some of the other dialects.

With a knowledge of the language the field of Chinese trade is approachable by all. To obtain information as to the commercial rating of the leading merchants and their requirements is an easy matter and simply a matter of asking questions. The Chinese business man is very democratic, generally eating his meal with his clerks, and seated around the large circular table he unaffectedly cultivates a real feeling of sincere co-operation among his employes by the familiarity of these daily reunions at meals.

Once upon making a purchase a foreigner tendered a Chinese clerk a dollar in subsidiary coin for a purchase. This the clerk refused to take, claiming that fifteen per cent more had to be added to the small subsidiary money to make up the full weight value of the silver Mexican dollar. Upon the customer stating that a similar tender had been accepted the day before for the same article, the clerk exclaimed:

"Ah, yes. But you bought it from the proprietor himself. He can afford to lose, but we, his clerks, cannot afford to lose for him."

There is a great demand for luxuries in China, even by the poorer classes. The most indigent coolie thinks that he is entitled to the enjoyment at least once in his whole lifetime of every luxury of the rich.

The monetary confusion, owing to the lack of any standard (for the cash, although even official, is hardly a standard), is a great hindrance to business, although the cause of unwarranted profits to the Shansi or Banker's Guild, as well as to the general banking community.

The banks make their computations from pounds sterling to taels, which are supposed to be an ounce of pure silver. From taels the operation is carried into Mexican dollars with a consequent commission to the banker. From Mexican dollars the computation of ratio of value as to the subsidiary coinage must be ascertained, for the relative value of silver and copper vacillates from day to day as well as the value of gold and silver in their relation to each other. This gives the banker three commissions instead of one, and hence one of the greatest obstacles to the immediate fiscal reform of China is opposition on the part of the money changers and bankers who form a very large and influential class.

The small Chinese importer sometimes finds an advantage in this monetary confusion. When silver is high he pays for his imports in gold, which is cheap, and sells for silver, which is dear. All large business men, however, are anxious to see a thorough fiscal reform. An expert at Peking thought such a reform would take at least ten years under present conditions. But with the currency even as it is, trade runs along and will continue to develop.

Only to the numismatist does China offer some compensation in the floods of copper and other coins which frequently

do not represent more than half the face value. Common copper cash is frequently a thousand years old and Dr. Adams of Hanyang told me that he once had given him in change a coin which was dated the century following the birth of Christ.

The Chinese are excellent judges of value. Whatever is sold to them must be exactly as represented. American manufactured products, on account of their high quality, will rapidly grow in favor. Our agricultural implements, sewing machines, interchangeable system watches which we were the first to manufacture, as well as clocks, engines, bicycles, typewriters, motors, musical instruments and so on down the line of our high quality manufactured list, will find a ready market in exacting China. The Chinese will not take a substitute for a good article if they know it. The cheap Japanese imitation of American and European manufactures is easily detected. A large American manufacturer of machines told me that his firm would never sell a machine to a Japanese nor ship their machines to Japan for fear of imitation. But the Japanese are not alone in the unwarranted imitation of a foreign model. This same gentleman told me that a color printing press of American manufacture had been copied by some European who had surreptitiously obtained one of their models, which was so carefully imitated that one could hardly tell the difference in appearance. Far from hurting the American machine, however, the American machines actually continued to sell for one thousand dollars more in Germany than the European imitation which could not imitate the superior effects of metallurgy in the composition of the metals which entered into the construction of the machine. The American firm really treated the imitation with good natured contempt, and the concern which made it finally went to the wall.

A standard of quality such as this will certainly obtain and hold the Chinese market for our metal manufactures.

Much of the discouragement offered to American manu-

facturers against venturing for the Chinese trade comes from the superficial reports brought home by our globe trotters, who would make us believe that we have failed before we have even tried. I asked a number of these when they thought our commercial chances in China would develop, and here is a composite answer:

"I don't understand how the Chinese can buy anything from us yet, because there seems to be so little money in the country. Our goods are expensive because of the quality. They naturally will, therefore, purchase the cheaper European goods. Then they have no patriotism and without patriotism they will be a long time in their economic development. They have little prospect of a perfected army. They are also a very filthy race, do not speak a common language, have no capital to develop their natural wealth, and any commercial venture among them would be attended with great risk."

To these abortive conclusions the following general statement may roughly serve:

There is actually more money in China than is generally believed. Because of coolie poverty one must not think that China is devoid of resources. The Chinese have shown what they can do in the development of a country even without capital by their wonderful upbuilding of the Federated Malay States, where their capital was only strong arms and enduring bodies. Far from wanting the cheap article the Chinese is a good judge of value and wants the best. To them the motto is, "The best is none too good." The Chinese have indeed patriotism, but it is of the institutional kind. No one is prouder of his country than the Chinese. I met a Chinese immigrant in the Straits Settlement who had never been in China nor had his father nor his grandfather, but he showed in his conversation a love for Chinese institutions and an understanding of them which was indeed impressive.

From the very beginning of our trade with China when, on

February 22, 1784, our first American ship sailed from New York City, returning in May of the following year, the whole history of American commerce with China is one of which America may well be proud. To show the fairness which inspired American shipmasters of those days, I have only to cite the story of the suspension of trade in October, 1821, as narrated in the January North American Review of 1835, on account of the homicide of a Chinese at Whampoa, the sailor guilty of the manslaughter being delivered up to the Chinese by the merchants, who said "they would abide by the Chinese law because it prevailed in those waters."

Although merchants then acted as counsel without salary, no difficulty sprang up between the Chinese and Americans because of the fair treatment and conciliatory conduct of the Americans.

In spite of the exclusive attitude of America and the now almost forgotten episode of the boycott, this good repute of American traders in China still continues, and American merchants and manufacturers will today find in new China a clean, clear record of fair dealing to serve now to their advantage, although thus far it has not been sufficiently grasped, since business has been so prosperous at home that Americans have not cared to bother generally with the distant markets of the far East.

American and English interests are necessarily very much interwoven, so that it is hard to tell at times where the one begins and the other ends, and in the aggregate these and added interests will ultimately form a great balance of commercial power in the Orient if properly continued.

The tendency of the American is to follow the leadership of the old British models, thus losing frequently that hustle and initiative which the American deems essential to successes made anywhere. The British in Chinese waters and provinces, by virtue of their long trained experience and their thorough

commercial organization, are not over alive to the necessity of continual activity and aggression. Their hours of business have become too short for the present-day exaction of German competition. Too much time is spent at the clubs and sports are sometimes allowed to consume the best part of the day. Their work is too much thrown upon the natives to whose models they sometimes show a tendency to revert. Business establishments are frequently found to be filled with immature junior Britishers occupying positions which demand the judgment of older men. This younger set is particularly susceptible to the influence of native models.

I asked a young bank official in Peking why he did not have an adding machine in his bank. He replied:

"Oh, these Chinese are born accountants and they can do as well with their abacus as we can with the adding machine."

And the click of the abacus is allowed to continue, and time is continually lost in going over a long mathematical calculation while impatient customers and patrons of the bank murmur and wait for the establishment of some more modern competitive institution.

There is very much of excellence in all British models, and their business organizations are as perfected as those of any other nation as a general rule, but I believe that the American opportunity in the enjoyment of Chinese trade can only be enjoyed by the American going out into the field as a free lance, carrying with him all his hustle and activity and actuated by an honest desire to live up to his contract there as at home and realizing that it pays to please in details even to the thickness and color of paper that may wrap the product.

The Germans, being newer comers in the far East, are much more progressive than the British and take scrupulous pains to please according to the Chinese viewpoint. They labor early and late and seek to bring their organization up to the highest European and American standards. Wonderful indeed

are the results shown by the Germans during the last few years. Their influence is everywhere felt. I was surprised to find how many Chinese are learning to speak German and how rapidly the use of that language is spreading; perhaps because the Germans have taken the Chinese more fraternally than the British have. The Germans have no pidgeon German for the Chinese as have the English pidgeon English. Then again you will rarely find an Englishman speaking Chinese, whereas it is becoming daily commoner to find Germans who speak the Mandarin fluently. While traveling through Shantung Province I met a German thirty years old who for ten years had been traveling on horseback in the most remote and inaccessible parts of Shantung buying peanuts and hides. The Germans no longer depend on compradors as before, but have established their own special agencies.

The capitulation of Tsingtau to the British-Nipponese forces was inspired by the German government's desire to save the reservists for future work in Shantung, for an experienced colonist is worth everything to the home government, and had they been allowed to sacrifice their lives in a futile defense, it would have taken at least a full generation to have filled up the depleted ranks.

CHAPTER XXII

HINTS TO MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS

Our trade with China is still very small because we have not as yet tried even tentatively to obtain that trade on a large scale. Beyond the Standard Oil which, with its famous seven cent Mei Foo (amiable and trustworthy) lamps, immediately created an enormous demand for its product, and the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the British-American Tobacco Company and a few other large corporations, no continued and systematic attempt has been put forth

A director of one of the great Japanese steamship companies remarked to me:

"The Chinese are great buyers, but what they are buying today is but a bagatelle to what they will buy tomorrow." Although they are looked upon as a poor people their purchasing power knows no end because of their tremendous numbers.

Since the awakening of China, political conditions have been so disturbed as to allow but little data to judge of what China's trade really means to the world. The statistics of today, as the Japanese above quoted suggested, can give but little idea of the tremendous foreign buying power of China for the next full generation. At the present time the great majority of Chinese, the poorer classes, are merely prospective and not actual customers for any foreign seller, but even eliminating these classes from a consideration of the possibilities of making immediate money out of the Chinese trade, the present opportunities are very large and attractive.

Of course the Chinese will only buy from us what they themselves cannot manufacture, or such raw products as they themselves cannot produce as cheaply as we. As soon as they have fully modernized their own industrial life, the chances are that

they will be able to not only outmanufacture us and outproduce us along many lines owing to the high quality and cheapness of their labor, but the whole world as well, and become an overwhelming competitor rather than a customer. But in the meantime, say for the next thirty years, they will before they have arrived at the stage of their own manufacturing independence have to be supplied with tremendous quantities of exports of the largest and most varied character. On a big scale will come first all sorts of equipment, rough steel materials, machinery and rolling stock for railroads and electric railways, and steel products for mines and factories and general public utilities, including the important item of large and small bridges. Then we may consider the agricultural machinery and equipment, including millions of tons of American hardware; then articles of universal domestic use and, just to let the imagination run riot over a few of the actual present demands of the Chinese market, I will mention the following promiscuous list:

Sheeting cotton, fleece lined goods, shirtings, buttons, garters, underwear, condensed milk, kerosene stoves, soaps, candles, dyes, lamps, needles, pins, bottled and tinned foods, novelties of all sorts, meat choppers, metal beds, clocks, watches, purses, combs, brushes and all sorts of toilet articles; shop accessories, such as cash registers, duplicators, computing yard measures, scales, balances, meat cleavers, tin, glass or metal boxes—the man who would sell a good cheap cheese box of wire on a metal frame could make a fortune—all sorts of household goods, drugs, roofing material, textile products of all kinds, cotton piece goods, boots, shoes and slippers, talking machines, safes, photographic supplies, stoves, even cut glass—of which the Chinese are very fond and for which they pay fancy prices; baking powder—as yet unknown to the bulk of Chinese—hats, which they now especially need because of the cutting of the queue; foreign barber supplies, such as safety razors, strops,

soaps and other shaving accessories; sweaters, all kinds of dental goods, which they are just commencing to know; ribbons for women's apparel and the thousand other things which the reading of this list will suggest.

"Yes!" says the American manufacturer, "I am commencing to realize what a great opportunity there is over in China, but how am I to go at it; how am I to get into the big game of getting some of that Chinese money without taking too large a risk?"

"Risk?" I would say to him. "There is no more risk than right here at home if you go at it the right way."

"Well, what can I do? The only information we have about China is an occasional newspaper or magazine article and whatever there may be in the United States Consular reports. To send a man over there to investigate is a rather expensive undertaking and the few firms of agents in the Oriental forwarding business of course cannot be supposed to hand out information, even if they do actually have any knowledge I may want of the trade conditions."

Yes! That's the rub! How to go at it, for the American exporter does not have from his government the same assistance in trying to get into the far East markets as, say, the German, as will be seen from the following illustration:

The German government immediately after having established themselves in Shantung Province, learned that the Chinese farmers were poor because their soil was all worked out and fertilizers insufficient. So they commenced to import fertilizers from Germany, notifying all manufacturers of such of the opportunity and practically providing a market for the same at a good profit to the exporters. These fertilizers were sold on credit by German money lenders who obtained in their turn a large and well secured return for their share in the whole operation, and with the money which came from the very first crop, which of course was a bumper one on account

of the fertilizing, they continued their loans in order to enable the farmers to purchase German manufactured agricultural machines, by this method giving a profit under the greatest conditions of safety to three different classes of its citizenship and strengthening itself politically and commercially by the operation of the fair but highly rewarded dealing.

Against such a large advantage as this our government offers practically nothing, and our merchants for information are thrown upon the calloused consideration of "Honges," which as sales agencies are already so busy with their many varieties of representation, that they have but little time or inclination to help a prospective principal, to information. What the United States needs is an efficient corps of international commercial travelers, not of the statistician laboratory sort nor of the over brilliant nor yet of the spread-eagle ambassadorial kind, but merely hard headed, sensible men who have learned from experience that selling also means buying, and that both involve the most intricate mental operation that has ever puzzled the hoary head of mankind. Take for example, in order to show a trade mishap caused by lack of information, the American importation of ginseng, which is used by the Chinese as a blood purifier in about the same way that we use the nostrums of patent medicines. It is known by all who even casually know anything about Chinese customs that a thing which grows wild is considered in the herb list of medicines to be especially efficacious. The ginseng root, when grown under cultivation as in the United States, must bear something of the indication of the wild uncultivated plant in order to obtain the high price which that particular kind of "spring medicine" brings in China. Unaware of this fact, however, for years American exporters have been trying to cultivate the root in such wise that it would appear large, succulent and well filled, and they succeeded in bringing up the appearance and quality of the root to such an extent that finally there was hardly any market

at all for the product. It was only after the growers of ginseng had suffered considerable losses that they were informed that the over-excellent cultivation of the plant was the reason why a sale at a good price could not be obtained.

Of course we are at a great disadvantage in not having any direct base for the collecting and dissemination of commercial information—our consular reports being mostly amateurish efforts—although as far as the trade of Southern China is concerned, the nearness of the Philippines ought in a large measure to eventually help us in the international competition of the trade of China.

“But what method shall I pursue in trying to sell my goods to the Chinese?” asks the manufacturer. “Will I have to send a drummer over there myself or can I make the attempt in the cheaper way by trying to sell by catalogue?”

My advice is to by all means *send someone*. Selling by catalogue is not at all successful among the Chinese. It is the actual sample accompanied by a personal explanation which gets the order.

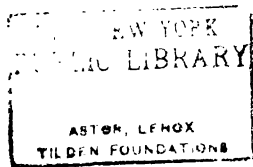
But who should be sent? Where can the proper sort of a man be found?

Ah! That is the difficulty in making an effort to get a part of the trade. Business has been so good at home that it is only now that we realize that it may not always continue. A trade representative sent to China should know enough of the *Chin Yin* or Mandarin Chinese to carry on a usual trade conversation. This accomplishment will put him immediately in rapport with the buyers without the intervention of the compradors. But it is indeed difficult to find men who speak both English and the leading Chinese dialect. They are for the most part missionaries or Chinese. A Chinese representative is indeed the best of all, even better than one of our own race, for he can sell goods more easily to his own people than can the American representative. But where can you find such



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Five storied pagoda, Canton.



a Chinese representative? If a Chinese has enough ability to act as agent for you, the chances are that he can make much more money working for himself than for you and you would not feel inclined to pay what his services are really worth to him in building up a business for himself.

The only solution to the difficulty is to create the profession of American business agents in China and assist our young men to qualify for that position by learning the language. I have long been proposing that the Mandarin language be taught in our high and night schools as an optional course. In making an investigation as to whether or not there had been any demand for such teaching among the leading cities of the United States, I may cite the following from a high public school official as indicative of the result of my inquiry.

"Your letter in regard to teaching the Chinese language in the high and night schools of this city has been received.

"There has been no request on the part of any student up to the present time. No doubt there are many throughout the country who would find this a valuable thing, but until some manifestation is made for this instruction it cannot of course be considered."

I am confident that if instruction in our public schools were offered in Chinese that a considerable number of young Americans would undertake the study with the idea of becoming business agents in China for American merchants and manufacturers.

Such agents are necessary even between the countries of Europe which are contiguous to each other and the occupation is at times extremely lucrative. The Chinese government would be glad, I am sure, to accredit competent teachers for such purpose, and it will only be a question of time before such instruction will be had.

But the American exporter can hardly afford to wait for the making of a competent American business agent; he must

find one himself. But little can be done in a permanent and satisfactory way by mere correspondence with the prospective Chinese customer. Then there is the vexatious questions of exchange, freight, delivery and above all the perfect satisfaction of the customer. There must be a continued effort to please the antiquated whim, if you wish to so call it, of the Chinese. For example, a certain American manufacturer sent a number of large consignments of his goods which were readily sold at a large profit. Finally his agent reported to him that the last consignment could not be sold because the paraffin wrapping in which each small package was wrapped had in that particular instance proved to be insufficient to keep the goods fresh. Instead of packing his stuff in tins as he should have done as advised by his Chinese agent, the manufacturer sent out another very fresh consignment wrapped with particular pains in paraffin but with the result that the agent could not dispose of it, although it was undoubtedly as fresh as though it had been packed in tins. The Chinese are cautious, and if a particular brand of goods is not exactly as represented and always proven satisfactory, it will be boycotted throughout an entire city in an incredibly short time.

A word should be said here in regard to that often considered subject of packing. The journey to Shanghai from San Francisco means about forty days' knocking and banging about of the piece of merchandise which you hope eventually will bring you a profit. Nothing should be shipped that cannot stand a tumble the height of a man's shoulder, nor should anything be packed in such large cases as not to be easily handled by a single pair of arms. Perhaps your goods may find their way over mountain paths and the sunken roads of the plains, a distance of hundreds of miles, into the interior of China carried on the shoulders of men. If one man is to carry his load of one hundred pounds, then it must be in two packages so that he can swing fifty pounds at either end

of his bamboo pole. If two coolies are to carry a bundle then it must not exceed one hundred and sixty pounds weight, which they will carry swung on a pole between them. The packages should never be round but always oblong or square, since the wheelbarrow may be the conveyance upon which they will be carried.

“But what about their laws? Supposing that I should forward a heavy consignment to some firm of which I had never heard except through my agent and that they would refuse to pay me? Are there any courts which would give me redress?”

This question is not as serious in China as with us, for the annual New Year accounting makes the rating of any merchant a comparative easy matter to ascertain. All agents should, of course, be bonded, and if there is any crooked dealing it will generally be traceable to the incompetency or rascality of the agent himself. The business caution which makes up a part of any success of course should be employed here as elsewhere. Yes! The Chinese have law. They have their *lut* and *lai*, but it is very rarely that a Chinese merchant ever has recourse to the law on a civil action, for the Chinese are perhaps the least litigious people of the world.

As I have before said, the only way to sell goods in China is by personal solicitation and showing of samples. Commercial travelers of all nations are welcomed by the Chinese merchants. There is no tax against them. They have a free-lance field before them in China such as they cannot elsewhere ordinarily find.

CHAPTER XXIII

TRADE CHANCES IN CHINA AND SOUTH AMERICA

We always somehow look upon South America, just because it is in our own hemisphere and on our own continent, as being nearer to us than China. China still seems to us to be on the far-off side of the world. But Shanghai really is nearer to us than Buenos Aires in point of time distance, and the Chinese port is as cheaply, comfortably and as quickly reached as the South American metropolis.

It is not my intention to derogate by comparison one or the other of these two great trade opportunities. We ought to be actively aggressive in trying to capture them both, but if we don't find a way to pay for the guns, ships and men which will be necessary to hold the trade once that we have got it, it would be better for us to give up all trade ambition at once. The present wars in Europe are being waged seventy-five per cent for trade and twenty-five per cent for patriotism. The American government should so shape its policies as to convince our merchants and manufacturers that their investments in South America and China, and for that matter everywhere else, will be protected in the only way that thus far there has ever been any protection given, namely, by a sufficient army and navy. We cannot get around this inevitable prerequisite of world-wide trade, for the millennium of peace, much as it is to be desired, is still a long way off when we have such belligerent neighbors as the Japanese who, with their crowding population, will be more and more obliged to dispute our trade aggrandizement in the Orient and South America.

But taking it for granted that America will adequately and immediately take steps to protect the trade of its citizens abroad so that they will have an equal chance with those of

other nations, we must make up our minds to adapt our system of trade to the demands of the new fields. In China as well as in South America the system should be what I might call, for want of a better indication, *The Colonization Method of Trade*. That is to say that Americans should take up their residence in those countries in representation of the trade they represent, at least for a considerable part of their lives, learning the language, conforming with the customs and largely living and feeling the life of the natives with whom they deal. In an article contributed to the *Merchants and Manufacturers' Weekly* (Chicago, December 15, 1914), I enlarged upon what I termed the *Moorish Method* of trade prevailing in South America in which I pointed out the great disadvantage prevailing in South America on account of the long credits given. This disadvantage does not exist in China, for comparatively speaking the Chinese never do business on the capital of the seller, and their promptness in paying their indebtedness would compare very favorably with most European countries. The Chinese New Year liquidation would be a splendid institution to stiffen up the credit of South America could it ever be there introduced. Hence, on the score of credit, we must award the advantage to China. But as regards the standard of values, that is to say—money—the South Americans have the advantage over the Chinese in that their currency, even though frequently depreciated, is more fixed in responding to trade credits than the overflexible measure of value taken from the fluctuation of silver bullion. Of course the Chinese gold standard will in time eventualize and even now the uncertainty of trade prices can be overcome by stipulating the payment in pounds or dollars.

As to the ultimate gross advantage between the two countries there is of course no dispute as to the greater buying power of the Chinese over the republics of Central and South America. The Chinese is not only a great producer but like-

wise an almost prodigal buyer. As I have before said, there is no luxury which even the commonest coolie does not think that he is at some time in his life and in some measure entitled to enjoy, and although thrifty he will not undergo privations when he has money to spend. Misers are extremely rare in China. Now, considering the individual Chinese with his greater producing power and consuming propensity over that of our neighboring Latin Americans and that the aggregate number of the latter is small in comparison with the former, Latin trade dwindles in importance, for the Chinese number four hundred millions and the Latin Americans less than one-fourth of that number.

The lines of least trade resistance, however, seem now popularly to run for a time toward Latin America. There is a positive advertising boom in that direction which will prove of great advantage to our trade. As I have before indicated, South America not only seems nearer home but the Spanish and Portuguese are easy languages to learn, and there is little difference between new Latin adaptation of European life and that of our own. And then those Latin American countries are new countries, republics whose history has in part been identified with ours, and even the negro, who makes every white American feel at home when even in the most foreign land, is likewise there although speaking a different language. Besides there is the large population of Germans, home born, as well as French and Italians, with the sympathetic environment that the Occidental does not so easily find in China. And then more than all this is that wonderful gateway of the Panama leading down to our sister republics, an American triumph which we are too apt to think of opening only down to the west coast of the American continent, when really it is a gateway to China itself.

Yes, there is a boom on now all down along the Latin American lines soberly considered and abetted by such splendid

organizations as the Association of Commerce and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Chicago. We will do much there. There will be some failures but greater successes and all the time we will be getting ready for the greater trade which lies eastward. And in passing think for a moment of the great opportunities which South America herself will eventually have in the great Chinese opportunity, owing to her propinquity by direct and favorable sea routes to China's shores. One of our heaviest competitors for Chinese trade along certain lines of raw products will eventually be Latin America.

But if we intend to profit by the European war to obtain trade advantage in China and South America, let me repeat that it must be done with the feeling that the American government is prepared to protect that trade. For what the Germans, the English and French have lost in the Latin American and the far eastern commerce, they intend to some day recoup at all hazards. The only excuse for war is to make the struggle for bread easier when peace shall come. When we will have once obtained our share of this new trade, will we be prepared to protect it?

CHAPTER XXIV

EFFECT OF EUROPE'S WAR

War of course is of benefit to no nation, but the result of the present great conflict will eventually help China hold its own nationality—in spite of Japanese aggression—more surely during the trying period of its formation, for the European powers are now too busy with their guns elsewhere to think of further aggrandizement and Japan will have to settle with them ultimately. The real menace to the Chinese in the present way is of course Japan, whose war against the Germans in Shantung will perhaps result in so firmly entrenching them there as to make, perhaps, a war necessary to get them out. Japan's policy in Korea has been such as to warrant the statement that if the Japanese do get a footing in Shantung there will be no open-door policy. It seems, however, that there is much reason to believe that the present war will determine the European powers to support America in her contention that China should be an open country for the trade of the world, and that any attempt at its partition should be resisted by the world powers. But what about Japan whose ambitions nationally will not be easily prescribed? They are always prepared for war and their power in the Orient in their preparedness to enforce their claims for trade growth in China will not be immediately or easily overcome.

But the greatest advantage of the present great European war is that China is now being thrown on her own financial resources, and is escaping the intrigue of the bankers of the quintuple powers. I am informed by those who know that a domestic loan is now in progress which will put China on a more independent footing than she has ever been under the new regime.

This advantage is tremendous and relieves China from the fear of a possible economic slavery to the sextuple group, for it will be remembered that six leading powers among which, to the credit of Americans, our own country was not numbered, practically forced China to consider them as its national usurers, delivering as a pawn the best part of China's trade. In consideration of money advanced the sextuple group exacted that China become a customer for certain manufactured articles in the way of public utility equipment, the money for the same practically being deducted at extortionate profits from the amount of the loan which in its turn drew an extortionate interest, considering the first discount which the powers required to be made in their favor. It was a case of rapacious international pawnbrokers taking away from Chinese John the tools which he needed for his own daily labor and the credit which he had with the butcher and baker.

The great war will moreover give Christian Occidental advance such a check that the Chinese will industrially have the greatest incentives to supply themselves with much of that which the warring nations, because of the demoralization of the war, cannot supply. More than that, since every great war is followed by a correspondingly long period of recuperative peace, China will be unmolested by the exhausted forces of Europe. Her opportunities in the South American trade are very great as well as in South Africa, and the other fields of trade now for the time being practically abandoned by the European people.

To anyone who has not been familiar with the rapid Germanization which has been going on in Shantung, the fall of Tsingtao does not have the large significance which it really possesses. When Governor Meyer-Waldeck from the shell-shattered midst of his almost entirely destroyed defenses, hoisted the white flags on the forts, the capitulation meant a cessation of all commercial activity on the part of the Germans as well

as armed belligerency. The prisoners, numbering from six to eight thousand Germans, included as reservists practically every German in China. They will not be allowed to return to their businesses, of course, during the continuance of the war, and even if they were allowed to do so their exporting and importing and general trading could not continue since the Japanese ships now released from their stations during the bombardment will, together with the English, thoroughly comb the sea to prevent any German commerce in China.

During the rest of the war Tsingtao will be placed under a military governorship which the British will leave almost exclusively in the hands of the Japanese, since the disturbed condition in her colonies will not allow them to take much part in the control of this important strategic point. The Japanese in spite of Chinese protest will control the railroad to Tsinanfu and will attempt to step into the shoes of the Germans in any way which will seem profitable to them. But the Chinese will tacitly declare a boycott and if they have an opportunity to trade with others, particularly the Americans, will indeed do so. This gives American merchants and manufacturers a very great opportunity in the great rich Province of Shantung which is directly and immediately accessible and in which at the present time there will be an abundance of trade along the lines of the least resistance.

I might here say that the defense in Tsingtao will always be a great feather in the German helmet in China. The order commanding the German reserves to report at Tsingtao was promptly obeyed, and from all parts of China, and particularly Shantung, the reservists were pointed out as they went on their journey as men marked for death because the defense of the little promontory was, of course, conceded by all to be eventually futile. Even the Chinese coolies expressed admiration at this march to death, as it was then considered, and the estimate of the white race rose very considerably among all

those who were informed of the defense, this being the first instance of a practical demonstration of Occidental courage in the dramatic setting of men entrenched to fight to death in war action where the Chinese themselves were not belligerently involved.

Americans, in spite of the great political prestige now obtained by the Japanese, can easily compete with them because of the poor quality of most of their manufactures. It will be a long time before the Japanese will measure up to the manufacturing standard exacted by the discriminating Chinese.

Of course the competition will be keen, for the Japanese have paid with their blood for Tsingtao and what they consider goes with it—the consequent trading rights in Shantung.

CHAPTER XXV

PREPARATION FOR CHINESE TRADE

During my lecture work I have had young men come to me and make inquiries in regard to chances for success in the Chinese trade.

"I would like to go but cannot undertake the long journey without some assurance that I could obtain employment when I got there. Is there any way that I can prepare myself here for the work over there?"

It is unfortunate that there is at the present time absolutely no way of learning the Mandarin language in America except at great expense. I have tried to have introduced the teaching of *Chin Yin* in a night course in the public schools, as I have before indicated, and in time hope that this effort will succeed not only in having the language taught in the public schools but to have accredited teachers certified for such purposes. Most young men lose their opportunities in China by not learning Mandarin. As soon as they get to China they become so engrossed in their routine work that they find no time for study, with the result that, excepting the missionaries, there are few English speaking people who speak the language.

As far as the customs go it is likewise very difficult to obtain any idea of what the Chinese really are from studying them here in America. But daily our knowledge of the Chinese is extending through the many excellent books which are annually published and newspapers are more and more making use of Chinese material which they formerly did not care for. There is daily a great demand for enlightenment on all Chinese subjects, and it will not be long before the demand is supplied. Whereas a comparatively few years ago there were few newspapers and books, now there are many, together with a Chinese

Year Book of very reliable information of China's advance from month to month.

But in every American college there should be an optional course in the Chinese language, history and classics and where there are Chinese attending the college to assist, Chinese culture clubs should be formed.

There is frequently a complaint heard that the Chinese are so secretive that they do not readily lend themselves in giving foreigners information upon any given subject. I myself have not found that to be the case, and nearly all that I know of China I have had first hand from the Chinese.

I once knew an American traveling salesman who had made a great record in selling goods in all parts of China, although he knew nothing of the language and not much of the customs. I asked him the reason of his remarkable success and he replied:

"Years ago a Japanese, learning that I was about to go to China, a country which I did not then know, came to me with a gold ring—a simple heavy band upon which appeared two characters. He told me that whenever I came to a Chinese village that the first man who would come to meet me would be the head man of that village, and that all I would have to do would be to show him the ring and that such an introduction to him, in spite of the fact that I did not know the language, would be sufficient. I took the ring with some misgivings of its value, not even bothering about a further explanation of it. But it indeed was a lucky ring, for everywhere I went it was an open sesame to me. I was received cordially and with every mark of kindness, no matter how remote the village was in which I found myself.

"Years after I had left China I happened to be in a Chinese restaurant near the University of Chicago, and a Chinese student, seeing the ring, inquired about it. I told him of the success I had had with it. The student then explained it to me.

The first character represented my name. The second character meant "a dependable man seeking information."

The story illustrates the point that when a dependable man seeking information goes about in China he will have a ready answer to all of his questions. Approach a Chinese in any of the eighteen provinces, give him a formal look with the feeling in your own heart that you are willing to do him a friendly turn if you can; he will read your thought and if your questioning is not too abrupt and impertinent, the chances are that he will give you what information you are seeking as readily as that most kind and cordial of all informants—the old, down-East Yankee farmer.

The number of Chinese in our American colleges is yearly increasing. If the young American, thinking of going to China for his fortune, is fortunate in obtaining the real friendship of even one among these, a great deal of the mystery of veiled Cathay will be brushed aside. Returned missionaries are likewise very excellent and thoroughly reliable informants. But beyond these and what you get from books, magazine and newspaper articles, your preparatory education in America for a venture of fortune-seeking in China is prescribed until our school boards awaken to the necessity of providing an opportunity for you in the secondary schools.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE CHINA OF TOMORROW

It seems strange to think that eventually the center of the whole world's civilization may be slowly turned and settled in China. Europe will be to them the land of ancient classic standards; America, a colossus of modern caste; but China itself will make up a new nation whose eventual style of civilization may culminate all.

Will they be a domineering race? Will they control the whole world by the very momentum of their progress? Will there be a Chinese militarism on land and Chinese navalism on the sea to menace the rights of every other nation?

Much will depend upon the present treatment of them in these days of national formation. As we judge them, so will they judge us. National policies settle quickly into history and mould the humor of a whole people. Of course there is no American but who realizes the justice of our exclusion laws from our standpoint, but they should not be as drastic as they are and the exception to the applications of the law ought to be more numerous. Eventually they will have to be abolished, for there is not a strong enough array of guns and men yet assembled that can enforce such a law against the will of China herself when once ready to act. If anything can be calculated to turn peaceful China into a warring China, it will be the nagging, irritating effect of discriminating legislation. Even Australia, as favorably isolated as it is, will have to succumb to the demands of the great new race.

Great new race! The Chinese. Are they entitled to be so called? Will they really so use their national coherence as to make their eventual tremendous racial force an influence for good? Will the conflicting politics, south and north of the Yangtse, continue to be a menace to Chinese people and leave

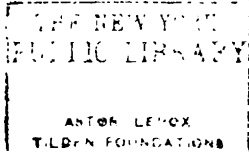
a scar on new China that she will have to carry through life like the stroke of an ax split down the side of a sapling, or will she grow up beautiful and unmarked by the ruthlessness of civil warfare? When we think of our own slow political development, we will better be able to estimate what the Chinese have done. Even driving out the Manchus could have been called a swift triumph had it taken a whole generation rather than half a decade.

And when their government is built out into the complete structure, how rapid will be their advancement? How quickly the wealth will be taken up from its long hidden sources to bring China up to affluence. The fertile basins sloping eastward to the Pacific will pour out their riches—pour them out—on eastward in the very momentum of their rich harvests until we in America and on beyond in Europe all feel the benefit of this new development of humanity's fortune. It will be a land of great and beautiful cities, the culture of whose inhabitants shall be crystallized from an industry and thrift such as the world has not elsewhere known. Inventive genius that has never yet had full play will contribute a princely share to the world's treasure of arts and sciences.

Yes, the imagination may run riot in a mad effort to exaggerate the grandeur of that great China of the future, and even then not paint out the full picture of its glory and wonder. And while our fancy plunges onward over the tremendous range of China's possibilities, we hear the thunder of the marching armies of Christian peoples engaged in a terrible and useless war which almost proves our civilization's failure. And then we turn and look toward China, the land of a thousand years of calm. Yes, perhaps there, when the *rapprochement* of the world's races is accomplished, then perhaps in that newer civilization with its traditions of peace may we not hope to find the magic key which will open wide the gateway of universal peace?



China's brightest hope. Digitized by Google
Note the changing effect of European dress.



CHAPTER XXVII

GENERAL HWANG HSING, PATRIOT

Down the marble corridor of a modern American hotel a powerfully built man strides with a military step, his eyes keen and alert, looking out kindly from a face whose every expression is of strength and purpose. People pause to look at him a second time, for his very personality would distinguish him among men of any nation.

"General Hwang Hsing, the George Washington of China," whispers someone and again all eyes are turned toward him.

What is the purpose of this really great man in America? The answer will be better found in the following letter from him:

Dear Sir:—The commercial and friendly relations of the American Republic with China have been within late years further cemented by the establishment of the Chinese Republic and the two countries and their people are now bound by close ties of similar aims and aspirations that make the thorough knowledge of the actual conditions in the Orient of vital importance to all good wishers of the two peoples.

And as it is almost impossible for the American public to obtain but a hazy and distorted conception of the great transforming scenes which are convulsing China, and as American capitalists are unwittingly led into most probable complications with our country which may jeopardize the very cordial and friendly relations of the two countries, I take the liberty to place before you, a representative of this great people, some salient facts which may assist in bringing about a better understanding.

Even the partisans of Yuan Shih-K'ai cannot but admit that he is ruling the country by military despotism; but they will attempt to excuse him by trying to persuade the world that the Chinese are not fit for self-rule; and they will further

make the plausible statement that the Nationalist party or Democratic party in China is expecting too rapid progress from Yuan in a time when the country is only recuperating from the shock of transformation.

Undoubtedly to one of another country who has not had the opportunity to fathom the political affairs of China, it may only seem logical to conclude that the necessity of the occasion and patience with the tardy progress of Yuan's administration are only reasonable.

As to the exacting attitude of the Nationalist party for the rapidity of progress, it is only just for me to state that we are not so unreasonable as the partisans of Yuan would make us appear.

For the purpose of giving Yuan Shih-K'ai every scope, I and my compatriots resigned every important position throughout the country, but his insatiable ambition compelled him to force on the liberty-loving South the second revolution so that he could carry out an open and complete extermination of democracy throughout China.

Our Chinese people are rebellious and disheartened, not by the slowness of progress made, but by Yuan Shih-K'ai's diametrical policy to not only a democratic but to even a civilized government.

There could not have been a shadow of an excuse for Yuan to sacrifice the sacredness of life for the advancement of selfish ambitions and resort to underhanded murders and assassinations.

When Yuan's squanderings and his useless employment of advisers, from whom no advice is ever taken that does not promote his unholy ambition for personal power, and his reckless expenditures for bribery and other innumerable avenues of waste and extravagance are all taken into consideration, there can be no pretext from want of funds which could excuse Yuan from suspending the greater number of the schools and colleges that were intrusted to him to support and foster; nor can any hypothesis be advanced to absolve him of having the manifest intention of keeping the Chinese in ignorance to facilitate his usurpation of power and his despotism.

Again, how can his partisans reconcile the fact that Yuan Shih-K'ai has not only resurrected all the titles, ranks and nobilities of the effete Manchus, but has been prolific in inventing

outlandish titles and positions that are not only inconsistent but incompatible with democracy? It is needless to encumber this exposition with more of Yuan's innumerable acts to show that it is not the slowness of progress that is our lament, but it is the rapidity with which Yuan Shih-K'ai is moving in overthrowing everything that a free, liberty-loving people most cherished. And if it was not for the general sympathy and moral support of your great nation, there is now nothing to prevent our dictator from proclaiming himself the Emperor of China.

It is true that the failure to secure an American loan will tie up the hands of Yuan Shih-K'ai and possibly bankruptcy may even stare China in the face under his ruinous policy; and no doubt Yuan and his partisans will work upon the warm sympathies of Americans with such logic.

Craving that you, as a representative of the people of the United States, will give the American loan your careful consideration and that you will exert your potent influence to prevent the consummation of such a disaster, I am,

Yours most faithfully,

HWANG HSING.

When all is said and written Hwang Hsing will appear in the annals of Chinese history as the great practical motive power which made Chinese liberation from Manchu rule an actuality. Hwang Hsing was the art, Sun Yat Sen was the science in that great accomplishment. Hwang Hsing, Chinese in every sentiment of soul and spiritual being; Sun Yat Sen, the cosmopolitan who measured up the deficiencies of the overripened Chinese civilization by the self-experienced standards of the democratic Occident. The two have well been called "The man of action," and "The man of ideals."

To call Hwang Hsing the George Washington of China hardly expresses it. He is rather a political Columbus who, urging his incredulous followers over unknown seas of civic turbulence, finally discovered for them the real state of liberty.

A strong man is always known by the many attempts of the

envious to disparage him. An insignificant English accidental magazine contributor involuntarily and unwittingly paid General Hwang Hsing a compliment by calling him, "The Yellow General." Since yellow, more than any other color, can be called the color of the Chinese, General Hwang Hsing is indeed complimented by being designated by that national symbol. I myself would rather call him the "Iron General," for no man has ever more successfully and under more desperate odds showed himself to be a true and unyielding leader.

General Hwang Hsing has proven himself to be one of the greatest strategists of modern times, and will be, if Providence should shape the emergency of a Chinese foreign war, one of the saviors as well as one of the liberators of his country.

This remarkable leader has been called an extremist by one author merely because he has opposed and still opposes all need-less foreign loans. Can anyone be too extreme in the patriotism of the desire to see his country as free from foreign control as possible? Herein lies the difference between Yuan and Hwang; Yuan would betray his country for a foreign mess of pottage, whereas Hwang would conserve the interest of China as indeed every patriotic American in our legislative halls would try to conserve the interests of America. Is not Hwang particularly justified in his resolute defense of Chinese interest against the disastrous control of European finance when he reflects upon its results in Persia and Egypt?

To him who knows anything about Chinese resourcefulness, the proposition of General Hwang Hsing to make a citizens' contribution fund and an issue of paper currency a substitute for foreign loans, appears reasonable. Under a *de facto* Republic led by such men as General Hwang Hsing and Doctor Sun Yet Sen, such a proposition in ordinary times would be practicable in China as nowhere else in the world.

And what is this story of the life of this truly great man? It is always hard to get details concerning the growth into great-

ness of Chinese leaders. Political propaganda through biographical sketches and laudatory commendation in speech and print have not yet become the fashion among the Chinese. Compared with the history of other races we know but little of the generalities and almost nothing of the intimate particularities of the Chinese great.

In a conversation recently with General Hwang I tried to bring out from him some stories of himself; something that would serve as a text to the sermons which posterity will hereafter preach upon his life's work. In vain I tried to bring him out. His answers evading reference to himself, all involved the happiness of his people, of which he considered himself as just one among the four hundred million.

"It is for China, for China's good," he would remark, in answer to the wherefore of some inquiry, without even once making use of the personal "I." How wonderful this submergence of self into the great cause for which he has continually risked his life. Compare if you will such attitude with that of Yuan airing continually in official edict his own personal authority and his power to punish. Or compare him with Yuan's mentor, Li Hung Chang, the cunning master of backstairs graft, from whom Yuan learned his first lessons in trickery and rascality.

No, General Hwang is not of the self-laudatory type of leader, and thereby his cause becomes greater. Belonging to a wealthy family he preferred to accept the sacrifices as a worker for free China rather than remain in the lap of luxury. Even from his childhood on he dedicated his life to China's liberation. He was only twenty-five when he became a part of the revolution started by *Tan Tsui-Chan* and narrowly escaping death made his way to Japan, where by reason of his high character, his scholarly attainments and his soldierly leadership, he became the natural guide and teacher among the Chinese studying in Japan and the close adviser of the reform movement at home. As the

founder alone of the *Hua Hsin Hui* he would go down among the great in the history of China's liberation.

When you look at this master leader you come immediately under the spell of his striking personality. Broad of forehead and shoulders, strong featured, yet kindly-eyed, every resonance of his deep, low, resolute voice means an indomitable courage springing from a nature which may fall for a moment, but never fail or falter in its inward purpose.

At the present time General Hwang is an exile from his beloved land, driven out by Yuan the Red. That he is welcome in this land is proven by the fact that in spite of Yuan's attempt through the American State Department to prevent his entry at San Francisco with Lin Sun, the present president of the Chinese Nationalist League of America, he was admitted freely in July, 1914, and Yuan's consular representative's audacity in petitioning United States authorities for the arrest of General Hwang, Lin Sun and other Chinese leaders, alleging that the Chinese Nationalist League of America was preparing for a military expedition against Yuan from America, came to naught.

Let us hope that General Hwang's exile will not be long, and that he may soon return to China where the great cause is still waiting for him; waiting for its complete fulfillment at his hands uplifted by his ardent following and directed by the genius of Sun Yat Sen.

And in the meantime the Chinese Nationalist Society is growing—growing daily greater and more powerful that it may serve that cause—the great cause of free China.

CHAPTER XXVIII

YUAN THE RED

When the final history of Yuan Shih-K'ai's administration is impartially written, the world will shudder, for there has never been a leader who has had a greater genius for the invention of evil.

Nor will history ever give such an example of a man who, having opportunities to do good, ruthlessly and viciously betrayed the interest of his country.

And now he has already squandered the loot of the quintuple loan, and with eyes of avarice is surveying the rich money markets of America in the desire to replenish his coffers to continue his despotic control of unfortunate China.

As has been noted in the previous letter of General Hwang Hsing "the failure to secure an American loan will tie up the hands of Yuan Shih-K'ai." Even more than this, it may be said that by tying up the hands of Yuan Shih-K'ai, China will be eventually released from the misgovernment of this despot.

The two emissaries sent to America to attempt to make the loan have been recalled. Everywhere in the United States their insidious efforts met with no success. But be that as it may, Yuan will undoubtedly still continue in his desperate attempt to obtain American dollars to spill the blood of patriots and advance his own selfish interests. For Yuan the Red sees the days of his reckoning coming if he cannot obtain an American subsidy. The quintuple group is so involved in war as to be entirely unable to advance him further amounts, no matter what large and tempting interest rates and discounts may be promised. Japan, by her militarism, is likewise unable to make the foreign loan, and it is doubtful if the Japanese with their peculiar methods would ever advance money when they have seen in their

recent demands on Peking that they can more easily accomplish their plans at the point of a gun. Soldiers are today cheaper than dollars in Japan.

Therefore it is for the American people to realize that American interest in China demands the removal of Yuan and in no wise can this result be more easily obtained than by the blank refusal to advance him any money for his own grasping ends.

The only favorable thing that can be said in favor of Yuan is that he is sometimes strong. But strong in what way? Not in the impulses of patriotism, for the tyrant never loves his country, but strong alone in his own selfish and far reaching ambition which makes all else subservient to his own ends and aims.

But Yuan's reign of terror is drawing to a close. The great Chinese people will demand their accounting; and once released of his despotism, China, unfettered and untrammled, will lift up its giant form and stand with brow held high among the nations of the earth.

Compared with the histories of other countries, there is little in Chinese annals of the direful effects of despotism. But there will be some very dark pages as a record of the contemporaneous period of China's awakening; and through them all will appear a name in crimson,—crimson with the blood of patriots,—and the name will be that of *Yuan, the Red*.

Yuan has done everything to hinder and nothing to advance the cause of Chinese liberty. "Since the inauguration of the Republic, no uniform system of provincial administration has been adopted" (Chinese Yearbook 1914, page 278). The post and telegraphs, roads, rails and waterways have received no attention. No practical steps have been taken to reform the money system, weights and measures. Absolutely nothing to advance the interest of the people has been accomplished. Yuan's whole regime has been a rule of bloodshed in an attempt to crush the uprisings which are forever forming themselves against him in his uncertain seat of authority. And all the time through his

highly paid emissaries he has been trying to fool the world. Orders, mandates and decrees have been vaingloriously promulgated in an attempt to prove his fitness to rule. But Yuan does not and never will control China, his present power being a mere piratical tenure obtained through mercenary and intimidated troops who will joyously desert him when the opportunity is offered and they can find employment elsewhere. Yuan has a mere paper authority over China,—a paper authority that will flash up into fire and flicker down to ashes as soon as it has been touched by the undying spark of patriotism struck from the steel and flint unyieldingness of the new awakened China, but as long as he remains in power the bloody spectre of civil warfare will hover over Cathay.

In no other country of the world could such a tyrant have lived out the authority of a single season, but such is the magnanimity of the real Chinese leaders, Sun Yat Sen, Hwang Hsing and their colleagues in wishing to avoid bloodshed, that they have refrained from throwing off the burden of his punishment and expulsion by plunging the country in continued civil war.

And in the meantime Yuan the Red is desperately trying to bring China cowering to his feet. But there may be other "Punish Yuan Expeditions" and more and more successful and eventually this greatest tyrant of modern history will be consigned to a mildewed niche far down and beneath the pedestal of honor upon which are inscribed the names of those Chinese leaders: Sun Yat Sen and Hwang Hsing, with their brave comrades.

For after all in the history of the Chinese people Yuan's tyranny, wicked, scourging and heavy as it now is, will eventually appear a mere episode, just a breathing point in which the great Chinese people for a moment submitted to the tyrant, while making ready to push farther on and forward on the modern highway of progress.

Who has had greater power to do good than Yuan? Who has made a more wicked use of power, neglecting all the great and

splendid materials from which to build up the people's welfare, threatening Chinese patriotism with the bayonet thrust when he should have been forging plowshares from swords for the relief and uplift of suffering China?

If against all present forecast Yuan should be able to continue much longer in power by beguiling America into making him loans for the continuance of his regime of bloodshed, then in that event he will prove to be the great cause of Chinese disintegration. Already the Japanese are trying to paint the black spot of dry rot upon the body politic of China, which once it is fully effected might politically mean the decay of the world's oldest civilization, were there not such leaders as Sun Yat Sen and Hwang Hsing to show the people the remedy.

Much has been said concerning the corruption of the Manchus, but their squeeze was as nothing compared with the gigantic graft of Yuan's rule, for he has gathered around him in the highest offices and as his boon political companions in pelf and loot, certain men whose reputations are as a stench from Chihli to Kuantung, and whose forays upon the foreign loans make the grab of the Manchu henchmen appear as a mere bagatelle.

But China's peril through Yuan's misrule does not pass unobserved in America even in this time of Europe's death-rattling conflict and the Japanese aggression. America, by refusing to loan money on what is practically only Yuan's personal assurance,—for there is no constitutional authority for Yuan's proposed loan,—will show its protest again and again as it has in the past, until the leadership of the people through the real Chinese patriots, such as Sun Yat Sen, Hwang Hsing and their colleagues, eventually gives assurance that the voice of the Chinese people and not that of the despot Yuan is speaking.

China is today living on her principal, for under Yuan she has no income. Yuan's aim is to mortgage China to foreign powers, thinking that they will thereby help continue him in his tyrannical misrule of the world's most populous and resourceful

country, for although China is the richest land on our planet and still has relatively the smallest national debt, she is, strange as it may seem, already under Yuan's policy of *après moi le déluge*, becoming actually bankrupt, seeking to pay her interest indebtedness out of new foreign loans made for that purpose.

To Yuan there seems to come no thought of a sinking fund or amortization of China's present debt. Such a ruinous policy of making loans anywhere and everywhere he can, and at the most extortionate rates and for which Yuan alone is responsible, of course, will bring upon him, when the facts percolate through the secret walls of his infamously privy counsel into the channels of public information, the wrath of the whole Chinese people.

History is today going at the greatest speed the world has ever known,—a speed which knows no limits, restrictions or bounds. Our globe is growing older by hours rather than by centuries. Much will come to China in this topsy-turvy, whirligig of the whole world at war, for history will be made in Cathay as it is being made elsewhere, and perhaps before this volume is out of the press there will yet be much of new in China's struggle against Yuan to be chronicled. For the end may come quickly to the Chinese acquiescence and sufferance of despotism, and even with the fresh thorns of Japanese invasions, great, ponderous China, the contemporary of Babylon and Assyria, looms up before the world, too gigantic to be the object of political dismemberment and national extinction as will be the case with the weaker nations, such as Turkey and Persia. China has lived too long, endured too long, and grown too great to succumb to even all the combined influences of the most ambitious of allied nations whose aggrandizement as to China will indeed overreach and eventually react upon itself.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE BACK STAIRS TO PEKING

Since Yuan usurped the rule of China, the back-stairs method of administration has prevented the world from being informed of what is going on in Peking. Surrounding himself with such counselors as may best serve his own personal ambition, he has labored assiduously, not for the good of China, but indeed alone for Yuan. Even the secrecy of the Manchu regime becomes as an open book compared with the clandestine, closed-door policy of Yuan who, with one hand in the treasury, holds the other raised menacingly against all who would counsel against his waste, his extravagance and his despotic control over the lives of all those who are admitted to his deliberations.

How long is this condition of wastage to continue? How long is China to kneel under the chains of such arbitrary rule? Is it not for the American people both in refraining from lending financial aid to Yuan Shih-K'ai, but also in an outspoken adherence to the real republican leaders, to help the Chinese on toward the enjoyment of that form of government to which they are particularly well suited and for which they have fought?

By so doing we will advance our own interests, for the great highway of American prosperity now lies on over the expanse that stretches out beyond Golden Gate.

And it is not by the back stairs to Peking that the American people will make their voice heard in China, but rather through the open doors of a new justice, in whose temples eventually shall rule the same liberty that glorifies American institutions.

But someone says, "Yes, but Yuan is a strong man. He is in his great office by reason of his fitness to use authority."

Against this assertion again I ask, "What good has Yuan ever done for China? During his comparatively long enjoy-

ment of the most autocratic authority, what single accomplishment can be pointed to in justification of his right to rule?"

China is not far from America, for the Pacific unites rather than divides the two great countries. Every year the distance is growing less. Is it not our duty to stretch out our hands to those Chinese patriots now exiled from home and greet them as brothers?

Yuan's five power loan of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars is gone, and that to the detriment rather than to even a shadow of advance in the welfare of the Chinese people. It was spent by Yuan for Yuan; to pay for the army which alone has kept Yuan in power. But miserable Yuan has at length come to the bottom of that overflowing barrel and all his cunning craft and knavish astuteness cannot furnish him with another. Indeed deplorable is his condition. On all sides he hears clamorings and mutterings for money—money and more money—for thieves and robbers fall out and fight when there is no more booty in sight. So Yuan's whole desperate aim in life is now centered upon getting funds to continue his wicked regime.

But how is he to obtain it? Surely not from the former source of his borrowing, for all the nations in the original quintuple group are themselves involved in a great death struggle with not even a single breath to waste on the wretched Yuan, let alone lending him money. Then Japan is not in a position to grant a loan, much as she would like to serve as China's pawnbroker, for it is not along the easy road of the money lender that Japan will ever be able to do anything in China. So there is only one country left from which Yuan has a hope of getting money and that is in America—the land which, hating a tyrant, has already dismissed his emissaries from its doors.

But Yuan is of that cunning, crafty type who will not accept a single or a dozen failures as conclusive of eventual downfall. Besides, his present condition is desperate; it is precarious, for

he knows that soon all China—the whole great wrathful mass of the Chinese people—will exact of him an accounting, and if he has no money for the troops to overcome the honest uprising of the people he will, indeed, be at the end of his rope.

So Yuan is prepared to make any promises—to grant any concessions—to enter into any conspiracies to get money for himself under the pretense of a loan for the Chinese people. He is willing to submit to any demands of usury and grant any extortion by squeeze in order to get the loan for he knows that it is only money that will hold him in office.

And in his desperation he would send other emissaries to this country. When two fail he will send a dozen, and when a dozen fail he will send fifty. Neither fifty nor yet fifty times fifty of his hirelings, will all combined be able to make a loan in America, for unfortunately for Yuan, it is the Yankee practice to only lend money when there is assurance of the return of the principal with interest, and Yuan has not been able to conceal the fact that his loan will never be repaid by the Chinese people, because it is illegal. A loan by a despot is not considered a very safe investment by the American people and since any loan proposed by Yuan lacks that most essential feature of the sanction of the Chinese people, it will always be considered unconstitutional and will not be eventually recognized by this generation or succeeding posterity. By dispersing Parliament and driving out most of its members Yuan in his madness thrust aside the only instrument which he possessed to enable him to make a loan.

It is ridiculous to contemplate even in a remote preliminary way the furnishing of such a loan by the American people, for granting money to Yuan on his mere word as a usurping executive, a murderous dictator, would be the most unheard of folly. Giving an American loan to Aguinaldo when he was on his retreat to Palanan would have been largely justified in comparison. For Aguinaldo had a substantial following still among the Filipino people, whereas Yuan has absolutely none among the Chinese.

And it is remarkable that a man of Yuan's maneuvering, stratagem and wily, dodging trickery should not have treated his Parliament more discreetly, for he might have known that no loan could ever be made by him without at least a semblance of constitutional authority. As it is, he is seeking hopelessly in the money markets of the world for a loan upon his mere personal guarantee. But he has killed the tame goose that would have laid the golden eggs, and why should any one commiserate with him in his frantic distress? Of course, he has cunningly tried to devise some sort of a substitute for a Congress, but when it comes to lending money the lender will most carefully scrutinize the smallest irregularity, for the simple process of giving money out is but a pretty little pastime compared with the blood sweating efforts of sometime trying to get it back, and even the wildest American speculator would not risk two per cent on the hope of winning back a thousand on such a precarious proposition as that proposed by Yuan.

The Chinese founders of the great republic foresaw the possibility of Yuan's despotic action in immediately providing in the constitution adopted under Sun Yat Sen at Nankin in 1912, that no loans could be made by the Republic without the consent and sanction of Parliament. And it was exactly the attempt of Yuan to force a loan for his own interests which caused him to arbitrarily dissolve Parliament when he found that he could not make it his creature. His present attempt to bulldoze his proposed loan through, will, of course, as has been already suggested, not be of any avail in view of the fact that there is absolutely no security whatsoever for such loan and it will be immediately repudiated by the Chinese people as soon as Parliament is restored.

The present loan asked by Yuan is a mere bagatelle of forty millions and although Yuan has secured the service of American experts to assist in obtaining the loan, it is quite evident that the American policy of fair dealing and honesty in all inter-

national matters will be continued in our present State Department and any attempt to get an official or quasi official sanction in America for such an illegal loan will be frustrated. There is no legal or other expert talent here or in China that will be able to convince the American investor that Yuan's bonds will be worth anything, if such investor is informed that the same will be without the sanction of the Chinese people.

Hence the real Chinese patriots now exiled from their beloved land by Yuan may dismiss any fear that he will be able to obtain money in this country to continue his cruel and high-handed tyranny, for the Yankee mind is too long-headed to risk money on such unauthorized offers as are being made by the emissaries of Yuan.

And in this connection it would be foolish to attempt to forecast as to what the Japanese intervention may mean, within the very near future perhaps, in hurrying China out as a borrower in the money market of the world.

But be that as it may, whenever the Chinese Republic is restored and is freed from Yuan's despotism and there is a legalized and constitutional authority for making loans, then the Chinese people will in nowise find America lacking in furnishing funds for the development of the vast treasure. And in the meantime Yuan's offers will go begging.

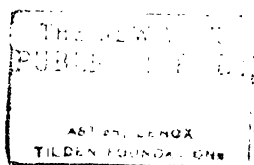




Photo by Rho V. De Sieux.

SUN YAT SEN (first row, center), and Cabinet.

CHAPTER XXX

SUN YAT SEN

Sun Yat Sen must always remain the first citizen of the Chinese Republic. From America, North and South, from the Straits Settlements, from British and French India, from remote Japan, from the Philippines and from Java, he gathered together the forces which centering from abroad eventually aroused public sentiment at home against the Manchus. He, with Hwang Hsing, prepared the way and through a forest of apathy they blazed the trail of the Chinese Republic.

Sun Yat Sen has always been fearless. His bravery has been the bravery of discretion. In his escapes and flights about the world it was not his personal safety which he considered, but rather that the instrument of his own being might serve longer for the emancipation of his country. Sun Yat Sen and Hwang Hsing are made of a stuff which does not fear death. They will ever be among the first of the "Dare to Dies." Although Yuan has now put prices upon their heads and driven them from the land of their love and self-sacrifice they will still labor in the cause. Their escape was none too soon, for the murder at Shanghai, March 20, 1913, of Sung Chiao-jen, former minister of education, was a warning timely given them and circumstances have proven that there was justification in charging Yuan with implication in that dreadful assassination.

There are many contradictory things said about the great Sun; contradictory and yet nothing really derogatory, for Sun is a hero whom even his worst enemies find not the heart to deride. He has never written his biography. I doubt if he ever will, but even what he says in his "Kidnapped in London" will furnish an inspiration to not only the Chinese but to the youth of every country wherein the sentiment of patriotism is found.

There is one question which has always been uppermost in

my mind: Where did Sun Yat Sen get his inspiration? When I chanced upon the following story I rejoiced:

Sun Yat Sen obtained his first instruction from an uncle who was a village schoolmaster in Kuantang where Sun was born (although it is also claimed that he was born in Honolulu), the son of a farmer, afterwards a Christian convert in the employ of the London Missionary Society.

The uncle himself was thoroughly anti-Manchu and yearned for Chinese freedom, for he had carried arms in the Taiping Rebellion and always held up to little Sun the example of Hung Shin-chin, the leader of that rebellion. I glorify the name of that village schoolmaster of Heung Shan, who taught young Sun the first lessons of Chinese freedom, for it is related that the old master in the humble environment of the lowly Chinese hamlet forever taught the story of liberation from Manchu rule, exhorting the little lad to follow the example of Hung Shin-chin, and so inspired was the boy, that frequently in his play with the other lads of the village he would call himself Hung Shin-chin, and if in their sports he would sometimes drive them hard he would declare:

"Pardon me, comrades, but I am to be a Hung Shin-chin for the good of us all." And so endeared and beloved was he among them that even then they wondered at the lad and accepted his leadership in their puerile contests.

As progress goes on, history, the great embellisher and beautifier of heroic lives, will fill out in every detail the story of Sun Yat Sen's life and it will be venerated as few names in history.

In analyzing Dr. Sun's life there is one thought ever uppermost: The thought that he consecrated his every heart beat to his country. Wandering in foreign lands does not change him, new scenes and environment and promises of great professional rewards in foreign lands do not beguile him.

As a young man he leaves Heung Shan, the little village of

his birth, which some day will become a venerated spot to the Chinese. He crosses the ocean, sees a new world such as he had never before dreamed, with fair lands of progress and advancement, and his ideal becomes a China emancipated from tyranny. He settles in Hawaii, becomes a Christian and in Christian prayers prays for his country. He graduates from the Iolani College and, feeling the mastery of his education guiding him on, he goes back to the land of his birth that he may do good among his people. Graduated in medicine at Hongkong he becomes a successful physician and surgeon with the promise of large professional reward before him, but his heart is ever for China in all the upward steps of his education; in all his wanderings his whole being is in the thought of redeeming China.

Yuan, as the direct opposite of Sun, shows that he either does not believe in his bigoted ignorance, that the Chinese people are capable of a republic or that he wantonly tries to choke and strangle all efforts of Chinese reform in the desire to establish a dynasty of which he himself may eventually become the ruling power. Not even his most devoted henchmen can deny that Yuan has ruthlessly usurped the power of the Chinese Republic and drove from it the real fathers of the movement of China's liberation when Sun delivered the presidency to him.

Shall we call Yuan a dictator? No, for that would assume at least a military semblance of law and order. He is simply a tyrant in a country struggling for freedom, over whose people his influence ever stretches out as a black mantle of despair, while their real leaders are exiled from their midst.

But some day the people will throw off the mantle and call out to the leaders who are waiting—waiting now in exile—and they shall hear an answer, and before the wrath of four hundred millions Yuan shall flee.

Sun Yat Sen is the great Chinese crusader. There is no man in our own American history with whom we can compare him.

As we read the scant chronicling of his life—those of us who knew China when it was irrevocably, as it then seemed, in the shackles of Manchu control—we wonder at the indomitable force of this idealist, this dreamer, if you will, but always a crusader, who pressed onward until his dreams came true, almost between the rising and the setting of the sun. We follow him in his wanderings, with his self-imposed political mission to the Chinese abroad in those great foreign countries where he found friends who continued the work from spot to spot, as we consider the great end attained by him on his formation in 1915 of the Tung Meng Hui.

Organization is not difficult among the Chinese, but organization on such a gigantic political scale and under such perilously tremendous odds was a triumph reserved alone to him.

If they call the Cantonese the “Irish of China” they will at least have qualified this great leader Sun with two qualities for which the Irish are distinguished: courage and sincerity, qualities which have made Sun the great reform organizer that he is. With courage he continued his labor, and with sincerity he found friends who continued the work from spot to spot as he went on his journeys about the globe.

The world will need at least a full generation to reflect and perpend upon the greatness of Sun Yat Sen. The magnitude of his service to humanity is beyond our comprehension of today. But sometime it will be crystallized in the pristine archives of man's history and the name will shine with glory, the name of Sun Yat Sen.

CHAPTER XXXI

CHINESE NATIONALIST LEAGUE AND LIN SUN

In this connection a word concerning Lin Sun, the present president of the Chinese Nationalist League of America, will be appropriate as bearing light from the Chinese standpoint upon the nature of the efforts of Yuan to obtain a loan from this country. Lin Sun, former president of the Chinese senate, somewhat younger than Sun Yat Sen and Hwang Hsing, has gathered his inspiration from them and is destined to be a Chinese leader of great usefulness and authority. Can anyone doubt the ability and desire of the Chinese to establish a republic when they have such leaders as he and his colleagues? Urbane, suave and convincing in his personality, keen eyed, energetic and well balanced, both from the Chinese and Occidental standpoint, he partakes much of the character of Sun Yat Sen, the idealist, and Hwang Hsing, the man of action.

As head of the great Chinese Nationalist movement in America, he is one of the chiefs among the exiles. His labors likewise have been long, arduous and self-sacrificing, and the Chinese in conferring upon him the captaincy of the Chinese Nationalist League have signaled him out to a place among the leaders.

The Chinese Nationalist League, as a voluntary patriotic movement, carries on its great work without the burdensome and enforced expense that characterizes many other political organizations in the Orient as well as here among us. Its members sustain and support it because its purpose is just. There is no salary grabbing in its midst, and the discipline of this great organization is alone kept up by the honor of its adherents. Their organization is complete and permanent, and will eventually accomplish its ends—the redemption of China and a continuous effort for its betterment.

Its officers are all competent and successful men, most of them being merchants. C. Y. Fung, who stands high on the list of Chinese patriots, as secretary to Sun Yat Sen in the Nanking government and who has distinguished himself as a journalist and as editor of the Chinese monthly, "The People's Tongue," in this country, is the vice-president, Wong Back Yue being secretary and Kung Hin Yui treasurer; all men strong in patriotism and filled with the faith of their great cause.

To an American accustomed to regard political parties as a mere question of quadrennial adherence, it may seem strange that the members of the Chinese Nationalist League enter upon their obligations as such with a zeal and fervor which has no parallel among us, for the tenets of Chinese Nationalism are not a mere belief but rather a faith, a faith that China will be redeemed from Yuan's rule and take her place where she belongs among the nations of the world without cringing and fawning through the representation of a despot in the foreign money markets of the world.

Yes, the Chinese Nationalists not only have a faith but a creed, a creed that is to them more than our own Declaration of Independence against the tyranny of the House of Hanover; a tyranny which was indeed a beneficent rule compared with the blood-stained despotism of Yuan.

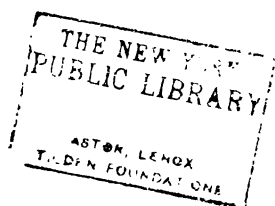
And they come from every class, these Chinese Nationalists; none is too poor and lowly and none is too rich or exalted not to affiliate with this, the greatest of all reform movements.

Meeting as I do Chinese in all stations of life, I have wondered at the open and avowed adherence of the Chinese Nationalists to the great cause, for such adherence means that they may not at the present time return to China and to the graves of their ancestors except under penalty of imprisonment and perhaps death.

But they all believe in the eventual success of the organization and predict an early fulfillment of the purpose of the



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LIN SUN, President Chinese Nationalist League.



reform in the overthrow of Yuan and the re-establishment of the Chinese Republic. Has there ever in the world before been such an association? Without freemasonry of any kind, merely under the pledge of their patriotism to their mother country they are bound together in a close and purposeful fraternity.

It seems that nearly all Chinese of any consequence in America, excepting the Chinese students subsidized in the American universities by Yuan, belong to this great political order. Capitalists, and there are many Chinese capitalists in America, restaurant keepers, and then down the line to the humble laundryman, all openly declare their allegiance to the cause which for them will never be lost.

And not only here in America is the Chinese Nationalist movement strong, but all over the world where the Chinese immigrant is found abroad. Those splendid first beginnings so fruitful in their final results obtained by Sun Yat Sen in journeys far and wide, have grown out into a worldwide coherent labor which can but obtain the fulfillment of the ideal of the re-establishment of the Chinese Republic. No movement can succeed without leadership, and therein lies the assured success of the Chinese reform movement. It has leaders who are sincere, incorruptible and resolute, and the people, the great Chinese people, have confidence in their ultimate success and are waiting for the day that cometh.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE JAPANESE PERIL IN CHINA

There is hardly anything which can be said politically about the far East which does not have to be qualified. When it comes to a consideration of Japan, today the most wonderfully congruous nation of the whole world, any general statement of the fact must carry with it its scores of modifications and explanations. No one can talk Japanese politics; no, not even a Japanese; one can merely flounder about seeking some point where after all the water may appear for a time at least to have reached its level. For Japanese plots never seem to develop until finis is written in bold and unalterable letters at the end of the whole story. Japanese rules of political conduct are forgotten in the multitude of their exceptions. One of the chief occupations of our next generation in its entirety, and perhaps a substantial part of the present, will be to try to guess what the wonderful Japanese are going to successfully do next. Our own political methods are as slow as a glacier compared with the avalanche movement of our friends and neighbors across the sea.

But when Baron Kato, the Japanese premier, sent his note to the Peking government in the beginning of 1915 demanding concessions from China on a politically enormous state, no one really wondered who knew, because Yuan's stranglehold on China had long invited Japan and long put Cathay at the mercy of its ambitious neighbor, whose chance to despoil it or exploit it, as you will, under the justification that if she did not do it some of the European nations would, was opportunely presented by the occasion of Europe's great war.

The world's history does not afford from one standpoint such a national cut throat aggression, nor from another stand-

point such an easy opportunity of one nation extending its sphere of influence over the entire territory of another.

The program of Japan in China, as announced from day to day during the last few months, is simply stupendous. The mind is overwhelmed in its consideration. The world has never known anything like it before, and our own petty declarations of the Monroe Doctrine on the Atlantic and the Open Door Policy on the Pacific become mere kindergarten babbling by comparison. For not only does Japan demand of China her most valuable concessions, industrially and commercially, including railways and mining franchises, but would prohibit China from hereafter ceding such concessions to other countries, thus practically making herself not only the absolute political master of China but indeed the lord trustee of all her domain, and in demanding that the Japanese be employed to the highest rank of the army, of the navy and of the police, as well as to the highest positions in the customs and departments of finance, they attempt to gain an advantage in the perpetuation of that hitherto unheard of power which is so tremendous in its possibilities as to bewilder the mind in an attempt to find even a moderate comparison to it in the long history of the world's great conquests.

Ordinarily history teaches us that it is a larger nation that takes over the smaller, but the Japanese as usual reversing all known precedents actually contemplate the wholesale conquest of a people which outnumbers them nearly ten to one.

Why should all this be? Why should China, gigantic China, just taking her place as a modern nation, be subject to this imminent danger? Why does she not have the strength to resist this unwarranted transgression? The answer is in a measure in Yuan's weak foreign policy, for Yuan has been too busy at home in furthering his own selfish aims and in quelling the uprisings of the people against him to pay any attention to the dangers which threaten China from without.

But we must also remember in justice to Japan, that our information concerning her attitude towards China is as yet too meagre to pass a calm, impartial final judgment. It will only be at the conclusion of Europe's great war and with a new regrouping of the powers that we will fully be informed and be able to obtain the full estimate of Japan's position.

And in the meantime we should remember that if we have our Monroe Doctrine, the Japanese cannot understand why they should not have their Okuma or Ozaki Doctrine, call it as you will. If we hold possessions, such as the Philippines, in the Orient, and Japan allows us to do so without a protest, what right have we to oppose the Japanese policy of expansion in what is indisputably as much in its sphere of influence as Latin America is in ours. For is not Japan, as really the only organized country of the Orient, the natural and legitimate leader of the countries about?

As far as America is concerned, its only affair at present is to ascertain as soon as possible whether Japan intends to observe the Open-Door-to-China policy of which we have been so long the advocates. If Japan is only trying to shape a Buffer State on the bay of Kiauchau she can hardly be blamed, and the demand that the German lease be transferred to Japan is not unreasonable from the Japanese standpoint, particularly in view of the fact, that as far as China is concerned, the last named country ought to be able eventually to take care of itself.

And in this regard it may be stated in passing that the Japanese appear to be much chagrined at China's protest against their occupation of Shantung, signalling the fact that when seventeen years before Germany made its demand on the Tsun-li-Yamen for a ninety-nine-year lease of Kiauchau, the lease was granted almost as a matter of course. But the Nipponese should remember that there is a great difference between the Manchu-China of half a generation ago and the present new China—for Cathay has changed, and wonderfully so, and if

Yuan's despotism did not choke down the right to speak and shackle the right to defend from foreign invasion, there might, indeed, be an immediate way of very soon disposing of Japan's onerous demands.

But as conditions are, the Japanese will go ahead, changing and modifying their demands in their adroit and well contrived and quick-witted fashion, bargaining and bulldozing by turns, wheedling or threatening according as their diplomacy of the hour exacts, but always steadfastly confident in the eventual success of their exactions and particularly encouraged to continue the further demands by the example of China's submission to our own American swashbuckling attitude in our American exclusion laws of thirty-two years ago, against which, thus far, there has only been the passing retaliation of the boycott of 1904.

But at the end of the great political lane will come the turning—the turning where China's meek submission will cease. Then the Japanese will find that the Chinese can give as well as take blows.

But for the time being the Japanese are already there, crowded around the very doors of China and with guns everywhere to enforce their demands. And if we should venture as Americans to in any wise interfere, the Japanese with much polite breath sucking will suavely inform us that unfortunately we are meddling in an affair which does not in any wise concern us; that we ourselves by our own exclusion laws declared that men should be divided according to their color into two distinct and separate worlds and that the white world should enjoy all the eastern side of the Pacific, leaving the far more numerous yellow race the use of the overcrowded western side, and that since we have made the Chinese stay in their yellow world it is only right that the Japanese as the most progressive of the yellow representation should there be and remain the undisputed rulers.

Driving the Germans out of China has upset the balance of

the world's political boat and we should not wonder if when it gets through rocking, that the Japanese will be found at the helm. For our own bigwig, wiseacre open door declaration, although still in perfectly good form for political after-dinner speaking, is rather more spreadeaglely than practical and entirely lacking in any of the red-blooded support of even Nippon's most tentative mealy-mouthed offer to become China's self-appointed mediator and savior against any threatened disintegration by Europe.

If, however, by a Chino-Japanese alliance China can get rid of the leechy Yuan, China would be an immediate beneficiary if such alliance were truly commercial, and in that case we ourselves would not suffer so much if our open-door policy on the Pacific could enjoy even a generation of the longevity of the Monroe Doctrine on the Atlantic, for by that time the Chinese will be able to take care of themselves politically and will be the whole world's successful competitor, commercially and industrially—paradoxical as it may seem—because of its self-sufficiency from conserved natural resources, enabling it to leave the whole rest of the planet alone as it has in the past, or dictating at will terms of reciprocity.

As this book goes to press, China, harassed and menaced by Japan, at length again serenely looms up before the world as a giant and peaceful laborer of the soil, rather than as an armed warrior, for there has suddenly come a lull in the vehemence of Japanese activity. Why? Only the inner council chambers of London and Tokyo can tell.

When England trusted to the Japanese to drive the Germans out of the Far East, she continued an alliance with a nation whose ambitions are too much like her own, to warrant the belief that the amity may long continue. England's development in the Occident will find its parallel in Nippon's expansion in the Orient. A more natural alliance would be conceived between Japan and Germany, for these two nations are remarkably fitted

to serve each others interests, in their complemental and reciprocal industry and commerce.

The allies of today are the enemies of tomorrow and where the flaming swords of war will next join or cross, no one knows.

But the adjustment of even the first relations between Japan and China will take a long time, for the Chinese will have to be given a free hand in working out their own reforms and with their proverbial patience will proceed slowly with caution and thoroughness. In the meantime—only persuasion and the proof of the value of reciprocal benefits can gain the Japanese any advantage in China, for otherwise that gigantic country would soon prove a very expensive white elephant to the Nipponese if even for a short time they should ever be able to hobble Chinese independence. For Chinese John, as the international Rube on the world's stage of comedy, is too big and husky to be tripped down by the soft muscled impresarios of the Occident or even by the sparring jiu-jitsu of Japanese diplomacy. If he chooses to balk there are not enough bayonets in the whole world to prod him on and he can at times, if he wishes, act like a monster Newfoundland dog I once owned, which, when attacked by other dogs, would simply lay down and nearly smother them, until he would finally, with a canine grin, let them run away, yelping and very glad to be still alive.

But the Japanese are indeed in a hard way in their small country—poor and circumscribed, with their population increasing at the rate of nearly a million a year and thus find themselves actually compelled to knock at the door of their rich old neighbor, Chinese John, with the request that they be taken in as free boarders. Whether they will continue to merely give a polite knuckle rap or whether they will start in to knock the door down with rifle butts, will entirely depend as to whether or not any big nation happens to be looking that way, for Japan is already forced to pay a quarter of her whole revenues, to carry her present debt and therefore can in no wise afford to plunge into a costly

prolonged war which as soon as the regrouping of the European powers is determined, will have availed her nothing. .

And in the meantime *our* Chances—our wonderful American Chances—are awaiting us.

Will we have the foresight and the courage to seize them?

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